

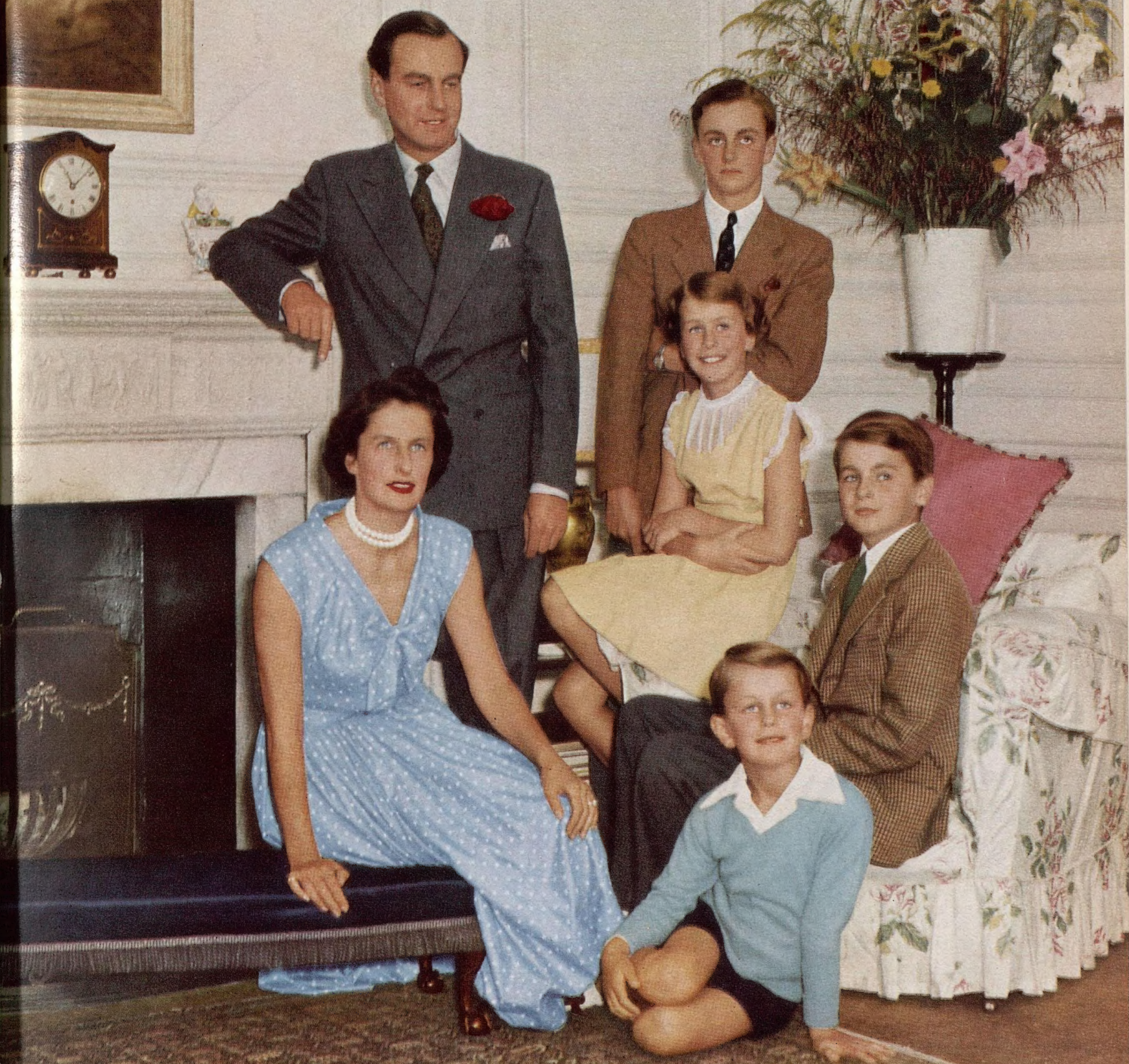
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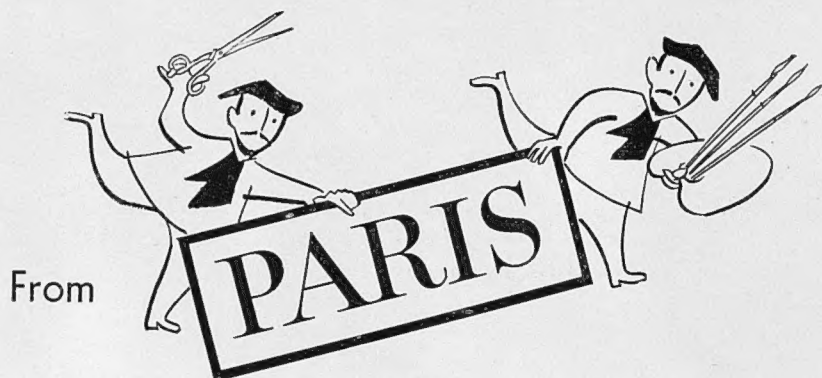
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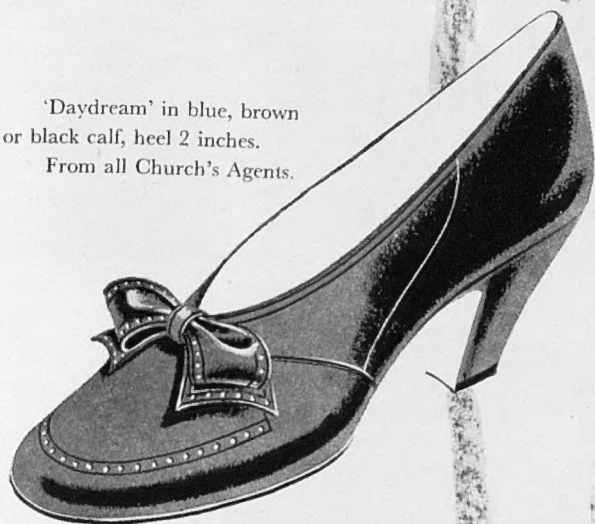
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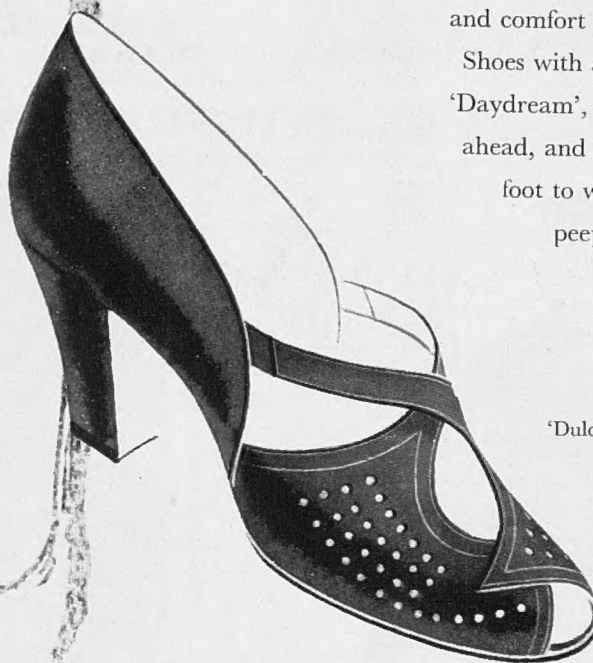
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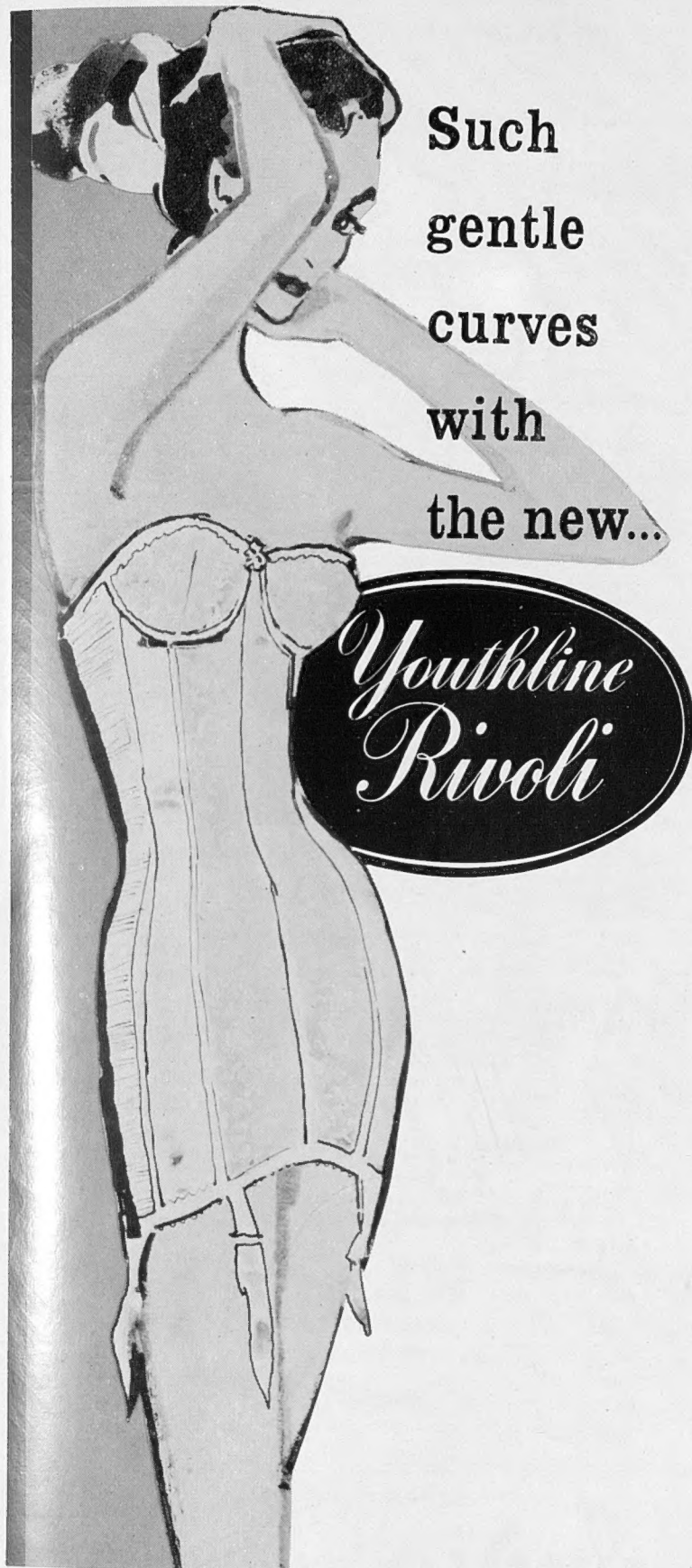
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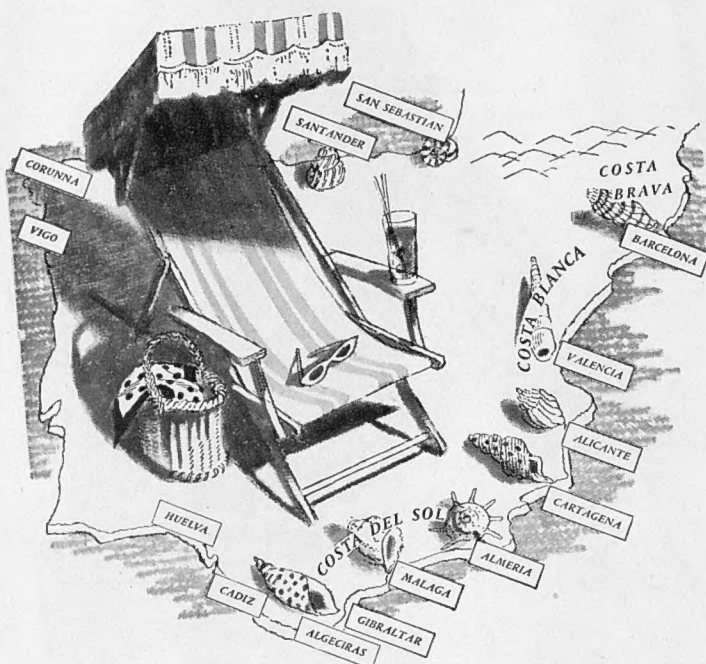
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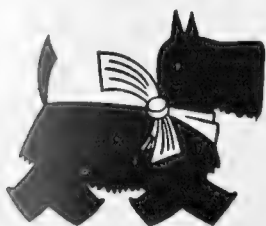
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Godfrey Cake

MR. AND MRS. DEREK PARKER BOWLES, with their family, who appear on The TATLER cover this week, are seen in the drawing-room of their home, Donnington Castle House, Newbury. Mr. Parker Bowles, who is related to the Earl of Macclesfield, is the son of the late Mr. Eustace Parker Bowles, and has served in the Royal Horse Guards. His wife is the eldest daughter of Sir Humphrey de Trafford, the fourth baronet, and her mother is the daughter of the late Viscount Chelsea. The Parker Bowles' three sons are Andrew Henry, Simon Humphrey and Richard Eustace. Their daughter, Mary Ann, is eleven this year.

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From April 11 to April 18

April 11 (Wed.) Princess Margaret visits the Atomic Research Establishment at Harwell. Mrs. Alan Russell and Mrs. T. F. Adams give a cocktail party for their daughters at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Mrs. E. R. Ivory's cocktail party for her daughter Sonia at Dartmouth House, 37 Charles St., W.1.

Opening night of *The Chalk Garden* at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

Racing at Cheltenham (two days).

Rugby League Football: Great Britain v. France at Bradford, Yorks.

April 12 (Thurs.) Mrs. Ernest Landau's cocktail party for her daughter Jennifer at 45 Park Lane.

April 13 (Fri.) Lady Lilian Austin's dance for her daughter Susan Primrose, in the country.

Mrs. J. B. Herapath, Mrs. C. P. Hill and Mrs. P. Hodgson give a dance for their daughters, Jill Herapath, Jacomin Hill and Susan Hodgson, in the country.

St. John's Ball, given by the Order of St. John in Somerset, at the Empire Hall, Taunton, to coincide with the Three Day Jumping Festival at Taunton Racecourse.

Pytchley Children's Hunter Trials at Guilsborough.

Racing at Newbury (two days).

Racing at Redcar (two days).

Cambridge go up for the Easter term.

April 14 (Sat.) Motor Racing at Goodwood. Belvoir Point-to-Point at Garthorpe. Hampshire Point-to-Point at Hackwood Park, Basingstoke. Warwickshire Point-to-Point at North Newington.

April 15 (Sun.) Gala at Monte Carlo for Prince Rainier's wedding.

April 16 (Mon.) The Trinity Foot Beagles Hunt Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel. Racing at Edinburgh and Warwick.

April 17 (Tues.) The Queen, accompanied by Prince Philip, opens the new Town Hall and Council House at Bristol.

Sir Charles and Lady Hambro's cocktail party for their daughter Sally and for Cherry Lafone at 23 Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

Cocktail party given by Lady Katharine Nicholson and Mr. Godfrey Nicholson at the House of Commons.

Opening Day of the Museum of Costume at Eridge Castle.

Racing at Newmarket (three days).

April 18 (Wed.) Badminton Horse Trials (to 21st), at Badminton, Gloucestershire.

Badminton Horse Trials (to 21st), at Badminton, Gloucestershire.

Civil ceremony of marriage between Prince Rainier and Miss Grace Kelly in Monte Carlo.

Heythrop Point-to-Point at Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos.

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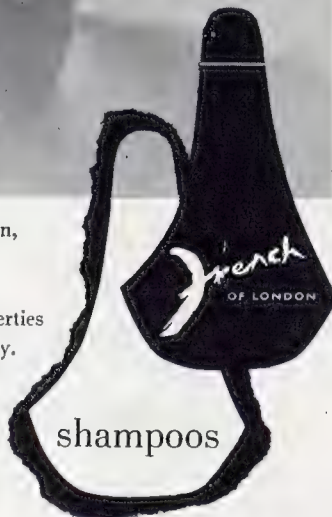


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The Lord Mayor's elder son with his bride

MMR. JOHN ROBERT WHYTE ACKROYD and his bride, the former Miss Jennifer Bishop, with Lt.-Col. A. G. Steele (left) wearing the uniform of a Captain of the Company of Pikemen, and Lt.-Col. G. H. Champness, wearing that of an

Elder Sergeant, both of the H.A.C. which formed a guard of honour. The wedding was at St. Michael's, Cornhill, and a reception was held at the Mansion House. Mrs. Ackroyd is the daughter of Mr. H. G. S. Bishop and Mrs. E. M. Bishop, of Stow-on-the-Wold

A DANCE IN MAY

THE HON. FRANCES PHILLIMORE, Miss Juliet Anderson and Miss Victoria Messel are sharing a dance which will be given for them by their mothers at 6 Belgrave Square on May 17. Miss Phillimore, whose brother is the present baron, is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Phillimore, Miss Anderson is the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. F. Le Hunte Anderson, outside whose London house in Wilton Row, Westminster, this photograph was taken, and Miss Messel is the daughter of Mrs. T. A. Renshaw



Gabor Denes

Social Journal

Jennifer

HIGH DRAMA AT AINTREE

I HAVE attended many Grand Nationals at Aintree, but never such a dramatic and sad one as this year's race. When the twenty-nine runners lined up at the start there was the usual air of excitement, increased by the presence of the Queen, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and the Princess Royal. There was also present the Russian party of about thirty headed by Mr. Georgi Malenkov, Minister for Power Stations of the U.S.S.R., Mr. Andrei Gromyko, the Russian Deputy Foreign Minister, and Mr. Jacob Malik, the Russian Ambassador in London, who were attending their first British race meeting. They watched the proceedings with Mrs. Topham (who runs Aintree racecourse with such resolution) from her private box in the County Stand.

The loyal people of Lancashire and the thousands of other racegoers present were hoping that the Queen Mother would win the great race with one of her two runners, Devon Loch or M'as-Tu-Vu. When Devon Loch jumped the last fence well in front, it seemed certain our wishes would be fulfilled. The men all raised their hats in the air and the cheering was tremendous—the greatest ever recorded at Aintree—as the Queen Mother's horse approached the winning post.

THEN in a flash came a gasp of dismay and a deathly silence. Devon Loch had slipped and stopped dead, less than fifty yards from the winning post. Few could believe their eyes. Everyone's sympathy went out spontaneously to the Queen Mother who took her shattering disappointment so bravely, to the jockey Dick Francis who had ridden a splendid race, and to Mr. Peter Cazalet the trainer, who had got both the Queen Mother's horses to the post looking marvellously fit.

No trainer deserves to win a Grand National more than Peter Cazalet. He runs his stable at Fairlawne with the greatest personal efficiency and his great disappointment over Davy Jones in 1936 and

Cromwell in 1949 can only be eclipsed by the tragic end of this year's race. The ultimate winner was Mrs. Leonard Carver's E.S.B. ridden by Dave Dick, from Gentle Moya, ridden by her young owner, Mr. John Straker, with Royal Tan, T. Taaffe up, third.

There was a big crowd to see the race, all the stands and enclosures appearing to be pretty full. The Earl and Countess of Derby and the Earl and Countess of Sefton had their usual house parties at Knowsley and Croxteth for the meeting and watched the racing from their private boxes which are adjoining. Among their guests were the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Rosebery, the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford, Lord and Lady Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cazalet, the Hon. Richard Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thursby and Ann Lady Orr-Lewis.

The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland were racing on National day, the latter very pretty in red; the Duke I noticed escorting Viscountess Cranbourne to see the horses before one of the races. Also in the County Stand were the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny, the Countess of Dalkeith talking to playwright the Hon. William Douglas-Home and his wife, the Earl and Countess of Rocksavage, who had friends staying for the meeting, Lord and Lady Kenyon, Sir Nicholas and Lady Cayzer, the Marchioness of Huntly and her sister-in-law, Lady Helene Berry, with Miss Jane Berry, Mr. and Mrs. Brian Rootes and Lady Joan Birbeck, over from Norfolk with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Keith, who had several runners at the meeting and won the Foxhunters Chase with Mr. Shanks.

THE Queen, wearing a tailored dark red coat and white hat trimmed with red velvet, came down from the Earl of Sefton's box into the paddock before the big race accompanied by the Queen Mother, who was in her favourite blue, and Princess Margaret, wearing a short caramel coat with a beaver collar and velour hat to match. They watched the horses parade with the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Sefton

and Mr. Peter Cazalet. Other owners watching their horses were Col. Whitbread with his trainer Mr. Gerald Balding, Mr. and Mrs. William Pilkington, whose Must started favourite, Sir Thomas and Lady Ainsworth, over from Ireland with great hopes of their No Response, and M. and Mme. Killian Hennessy, whose big horse Armorial III led the field for a long way in the National.

Earl and Countess Cadogan accompanied by their son Viscount Chelsea, who had come over from Eaton Hall, were talking to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Pinckney in the paddock, where I also met Lord Grimthorpe, one of the N.H. Stewards at the meeting, Mr. C. Eric ("Putty") Johnson, the very amusing and able member for the Blackley Division of Manchester, Col. and Mrs. Jim Windsor-Lewis, just back from the Canal Zone, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Ingham, who are beginning a busy year as he soon becomes High Sheriff of Yorkshire, Mrs. David Reid and her daughter Sarah, Capt. and Mrs. Charles Ratclyffe, Col. the Hon. Christopher Beckett, Miss Jane Clayton and Mrs. Peter Beckwith-Smith, whose husband, Major Beckwith-Smith, is the very able Clerk of the Course at Aintree and Lingfield. He has recently been appointed Clerk of the Course at Hurst Park in succession to the late Sir John Crocker Bulteel, whose sudden death from heart failure early in the year has been such a tragic loss to racing.

I WAS the guest for luncheon of Col. Eric St. Johnston and his very charming wife, whose other guests included the Director of Public Prosecutions, Sir Theobald Mathew, and Lady Mathew, Mr. and Mrs. R. Marriot over from Belfast where he is Regional Controller of the B.B.C., and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Brodie. Mr. Brodie is the Chief Constable of Stirling and Clackmannanshire. Our host only slipped in for a quick meal, as he had been busy supervising the safe arrival of the Royal party as well as of the Russian visitors.

Col. St. Johnston is the very able Chief Constable of Police for Lancashire and therefore responsible for the extremely competent handling of the great volume of traffic to Aintree. I was much impressed with the efficiency of the police control room which Col. St. Johnston took me to see. Here the whole of the incoming and outgoing traffic is controlled by police radio and walkie-talkies, with the help of an aster aeroplane fitted with radio, which notifies the control of points congestion, full car parks, etc. A giant map on the wall tells exactly the state of the traffic on each approach and which car parks are full, and on a board nearby one can see the number of motor coaches and the number of cars that have already passed through on each road. A fine example of well-planned and well-executed combined operations.

★ ★ ★

SPRING sunshine makes most of us start thinking about summer clothes. Like many others I went to see the collections shown by the Queen's two couturiers Norman Hartnell and Hardy Amies. The former who also designs many of the Queen Mother's clothes as well as for Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Kent and other members of the Royal family, showed a big collection of summery things. Among those who have been to see the collection and some of them make a choice were the Countess of Leicester and her elder daughter, Lady Anne Coke, who have been looking at several of the spring collections, including Hardy Amies's, before choosing Lady Anne's ensemble. Her fiancé, the Hon. Colin Tennant, was also at Hartnell's. The Hon. Lady Lowson brought her débutante daughter Gay, who will perhaps have one of her ball dresses from this famous house for her first season. The Hon. Mrs. David Bowlby and her daughter Mrs. Euan Corquodale, Lady Rotherwick, Margaret Leighton, Mrs. Cunliffe and Mrs. Hugh Gibbs were others there.

At Hardy Amies's delightful salon in Sheridan's old house in Savile Row, I saw another very nice collection of many coats and dresses both day and evening that I coveted. This is certainly one of the best collections he has designed for some time. The Duchess of Argyll brought her daughter, Miss Frances Sweeny, in to see the clothes and others who have been in to see them included chic young marrieds Viscountess Hambleden, Lady Caroline Somerset and Lady Anne Tree. Two débutantes who came with their mothers were Miss Julia Stonor, and Miss Wendy Raphael, whom I met arriving for a fitting when I was leaving.

★ ★ ★

THE very attractive Cobbold twins, Clare and Anne, daughters of Mr. Ralph Cobbold and Mrs. J. O. E. Vandeleur, had what will perhaps be remembered as the most original coming-out party this season. Invitations were sent out for "A Cellar Party," with dancing from seven thirty to twelve. It took place in the cellars of Justerini and Brooks—a very old-established firm of which Mr. Cobbold is a partner—under Charing Cross Station, so deep down that one never feels the vibration of a train there.

The long arch-roofed cellar was cleverly arranged for the evening,

[Continued overleaf]



The Royal parties at Buckingham Palace brought a great assembly of débutantes for presentation. Above: Miss Penelope Leckie, Miss Caroline Butler and Miss Caroline Johnston about to leave for the Palace

Miss S. Oldfield, daughter of Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield

Miss C. Buckley, daughter of the Hon. D. and Mrs. Buckley



A. V. Swache

Miss Wendy Raphael, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Raphael

Miss June Ducas, daughter of Mr. R. Ducas and Mrs. B. Buchel



Desmond O'Neill

MISS GAY AINSLIE ROBERTSON, who is a débutante this year, had a cocktail party given for her at Whitehall Court, S.W.1. She is seen (above) with her mother, Mrs. Ainslie Robertson, waiting to receive their guests who numbered nearly a hundred



Above: Miss Jane Allday, Miss Elizabeth Thierry-Mieg and Mr. Peter de Brant. Below: Miss Shuna Service, Mr. Richard Southwell and Miss Ianthe Eley enjoying the party



with wine cases right along each side for guests to sit on, an exceedingly good band was placed half-way up one side, and there was a long buffet running right along the far end. The whole place was lit by candles stuck in champagne bottles arranged at the same height right round the room, across which coloured Japanese lanterns were also strung.

At the entrance tubs of gay cinerarias were placed on each side of the door. Mr. Cobbold and Mrs. Vandeleur, the latter in a red lace dress, received the guests inside the cellar-ballroom with their twin daughters, who looked enchanting in floral printed silk dresses. Most of the men were in dinner jackets and the women in short evening dresses.

AMONG the young guests I saw were Lady Anne Nevill who came with her parents the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny and was soon whisked off by a young partner to dance. The Duke of Kent was dancing happily, as were Lady Clarissa Duncombe, Miss Sally Hambro, Mr. Jamie Illingworth, Lord Chetwode, Miss Susie Ekyn, a very attractive girl who has been a great success at all these early débutante parties, pretty Miss Jane Ducas, always so neat and well turned out, Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Miss Jennifer Akers-Douglas, Miss Jean Brand, Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch, Mr. Johnnie Brooks and Miss Susie Hennessy, a very gay personality who came with her parents the Hon. Freddie and Mrs. Hennessy. It was amusing to see that many of the older men were members of Whites, and the boys and girls sons and daughters, or stepsons or stepdaughters, of members of this famous club which features so largely under a pseudonym in *The Reluctant Débutante*!

Among parents and older friends also enjoying this very good party were the Countess of Feversham, Prince and Princess Weikersheim, with their débutante daughter Cecilia, and the Earl and Countess of Home, who brought Lady Caroline Douglas-Home, and were sitting talking to Lord and Lady Herbert, whose daughter Diana, a débutante last year, was there looking very pretty. Sir Charles and Lady Hambro, Lady Sherwood, Mr. Cosmo Crawley, Mrs. Geoffrey Lowndes, the Hon. Mrs. David Brand, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Bill Ekyn, Mr. and Mrs. Robin Compton, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Palmer and Lady Laycock with her elder daughter Tilly (now Mrs. Agnew) were others there.

The young people dancing also included Mr. Jocelyn Stevens and his fiancée Miss Jane Sheffield, who are planning a summer wedding, Lady Jane Wallop, Miss Prue McCorquodale, Miss Frances Sweeny, Miss Henrietta Crawley, Miss Clare Mount and Mr. Tim Thornton.

★ ★ ★

MRS. JOHN COURAGE and Mrs. Peter Kemp-Welch were joint hostesses at a very good cocktail party for their débutante daughters, Miss Angela Courage and Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch, who were both presented at the Royal parties last month. There were no older guests, the company being comprised of this season's débutantes with a very few close friends who came out last year and the year before, and plenty of young men.

Angela was in her presentation dress of pale blue organza, and Penelope in a dress of soft red silk. Their young friends included many of those I have already mentioned, also Miss Georgina Devitt, Miss Sally Hall, the Hon. Susan Remnant, Mr. Stephen Carden, the Hon. Julian Grenfell, Mr. Julian Benson, Mr. Richard Boddington, who is in the Oxford University squash team, Mr. Jamie Judd and Mr. Brian and Mr. Robin Peppiatt. Also Miss Victoria Usher, Miss Tessa Cannon and

her cousin Victoria, Mr. Jamie Illingworth, Miss Anne Sheldon, who is studying languages, Miss Penelope Hanbury, who is specializing in cooking and taking the Cordon Bleu course, Miss Caroline Yorke, Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville, Mr. Tony Russell, Mr. Lionel Walker Munro and Mr. Malcolm Burr.

★ ★ ★

MY brief visit to Le Touquet for part of the Easter weekend was most enjoyable, and very interesting. Much building and rebuilding is going on. Again the Hermitage will not be ready for reopening, as had been planned, for Easter. It should be finished by about mid-August or early September, but it seems hardly worth while opening then and I think the directors are more likely to decide on next Easter. In the meantime the Hotel de la Mer, right on the sea front, which in prewar days was known as the Grand Hotel, is nearing completion and is to be opened on July 1. It suffered serious damage in the war and has literally been rebuilt on three floors instead of six.

I went all over it and saw the fine restaurant overlooking the sea and some of the hundred bedrooms, each with private bathroom. This hotel has been planned to be run efficiently with a smaller staff than most luxury hotels, which should keep the cost of rooms down. It will be an ideal hotel to take children to, as they only have to cross the road and promenade, to be right on the beautiful sands which stretch for miles.

From here I went on to the golf club, where I heard from my golfing friends that the eighteen-hole and nine-hole courses were playing extremely well. Jeffrey, who has been at this club since 1925, is still there to book your time and your caddy. Great alterations are being made; the existing little postwar clubhouse is to be turned into the professional's shop and workshop. The changing rooms, lockers, clubroom, etc., are being made in a new wing of Le Manoir Hotel which adjoins the course.

BUILDERS and workmen were certainly in control of Le Manoir—the alterations are in full swing for the addition of two new wings, which have been most cleverly and artistically done. This will give the hotel two restaurants and more lounge space, as well as a longer terrace and the club rooms. I did not go upstairs here, but heard from Mrs. Vincent Stoneham, whose husband like his father before him owns Le Manoir, that great improvements had been made to the bedrooms and extra bathrooms. All this, I was told, will be finished and opened for visitors at Whitsun.

Nearby on the site of the prewar Hotel du Golf a very well planned Motel has been built with every modern convenience. These Motels are becoming increasingly popular all over the world with motorists, who can stay in one a night, a week, or a month if they wish, with no worry. So many motorists come to Le Touquet on their way to and from the South of France and other parts of Europe that this should be a godsend to them, and also to very keen golfers, for it is practically on the golf course and they could get their lunch and dinner at Le Manoir.

There are twenty-eight centrally-heated apartments, each with a bathroom, kitchenette and garage. They are extremely well furnished in the modern style, have good built-in cupboards, and are equipped with china, glass and the necessary cooking utensils to make a snack meal. They vary in size from the "petit appartement" for one to four persons, to the "grand appartement" for two to six people. The charge of 2,200 francs a night for one person, decreasing in price for two or more, is inclusive and provides for a Continental breakfast, constant hot water, service and all taxes.

Back in the town the tennis club was flourishing and although it was cold during the holiday most of the thirty courts were in use nearly all day. I flew over in one of the Morton's Airways D.H. Doves from Croydon, an easy journey for people working in London. Morton's reopen their daily services to Le Touquet from May 14 to October 2, and this year from July 1 are putting on an extra flight at weekends leaving Croydon at 1900 hours to give plenty of time, especially on a Friday night, to City workers. For those who want to take their cars to Le Touquet there is the famous Silver City Air Ferry which runs throughout the year from Ferryfield at Lydd in Kent and takes only twenty minutes. During the summer season a plane takes off approximately every ten minutes during the day with its complement of cars and passengers.

PRINCE PHILIP was expected at Le Touquet on the Thursday after Easter. He was going to fly across from Ferryfield in one of Silver City's Bristol freighters that carry not only cars but motor bicycles, bicycles and, of course, passengers. On arrival he was to lunch at the airport where, as many travellers know, you always get an excellent meal. I stayed as usual at the very comfortable Westminster Hotel which will reopen again on May 17, then remaining open until the end of September. In spite of its being cold, and a very early Easter, quite a few of their regular visitors were there. Among these were Viscount Bruce of Melbourne and Viscountess Bruce, Sir Ronald and Lady Weeks and her son Capt. Euan Cumming, and Mrs. Ronald Bowes Lyon. Both Viscount Bruce and Sir Ronald were planning a little off and like most other visitors to Le Touquet went into the casino for a short while in the evenings.

Here I met Mr. Robin Mirrlees, the Rouge Dragon, who was spending Easter with his parents, General and Mrs. Mirrlees, who have a charming villa at Le Touquet right on the golf course. Mr. and Mrs. Tobolsky, who flew over from Croydon for the weekend, were playing golf each day; they were in a very gay party with Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Swinden and Mr. and Mrs. Dennis. I met Prince and Princess Mikersheim, who were also at the Westminster, and very energetically playing a round of golf before and after luncheon one day at Le Club de la Forêt which M. Flavio, who produces so many delicious specialities, has reopened for the season.

OTHERS staying at the Westminster included Lord Michelham, Col. Rayson, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Caird and their young daughter, Caroline, who has one more term at Miss Spalding's where she is now head girl, and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, who spent one night here on their way back from a holiday in Rome and the South of France, which they had thoroughly enjoyed.

A great innovation on the Saturday night, which is to be repeated on Whit-Saturday night, was a gala dinner *gastronomique* in the Ambassadors restaurant at the Casino, at a marvellously low price. The nine courses included caviare and *foie gras*, all for the amazing sum of 1,800 francs! A big difference to the usual gala dinner which costs several thousand francs. Guests were also able to enjoy an excellent band to dance to, and a very good cabaret.

★ ★ ★

MRS. BRIAN NEAL, of Kensington, has asked me to say that neither she nor her daughter were present at The Young People's Ball at Londonderry House in January, nor did she spend a weekend with the Maharanee of Baroda, as reported in the issue of the 29th February last. My sincere apologies for these slips.



A. V. Swaeb

THE HAMPSTEAD CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION held a successful dinner-dance at the May Fair Hotel which was attended by over 350 guests. Above: Viscount Kilmuir, the Lord Chancellor and guest of honour; Viscountess Kilmuir, the Hon. John Fremantle and Mrs. Emanuel Snowman who presented a bouquet to Lady Kilmuir



Above left: Miss Jennifer Kirby and Mr. Patrick Sebag-Montefiore. Above right: Mr. Christopher Loder and Mrs. Stephen Catter. Below: Mrs. Alan Malcolm, Mr. Alan Malcolm, Mr. Patrick Agar and Miss Suki Bodley Scott



Miss Sally Eaton and Mr. Alastair Dunlop



Miss Sarah Norton and Mr. Michael Todhunter



DÉBUTANTES DANCE IN HISTORIC HOUSE

LUDDESDOWN Court, near Cobham, Kent, believed to be the oldest inhabited house in the country, was the scene of a dance given by the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Eaton, together with Brig. and Mrs. Richard Villiers, for their débutante daughters, Miss Susannah Eaton and Miss Linda Villiers, and for the twenty-first birthday party of Miss Annette Villiers

Photographs by
Desmond O'Neill



Miss April Marsden and Mr. Robin Barrett



Miss Felicity Drew and Mr. Julian Cook

Miss Anne Tynte and the Hon. Sandy Younger, son of Viscount Younger of Leckie



Mr. David Godsal, Miss Valerie Scott, Miss Margaret Godsal and Mr. John Hoult



Mr. George Bracher and Miss Caroline Fisher standing by the great hall fireplace



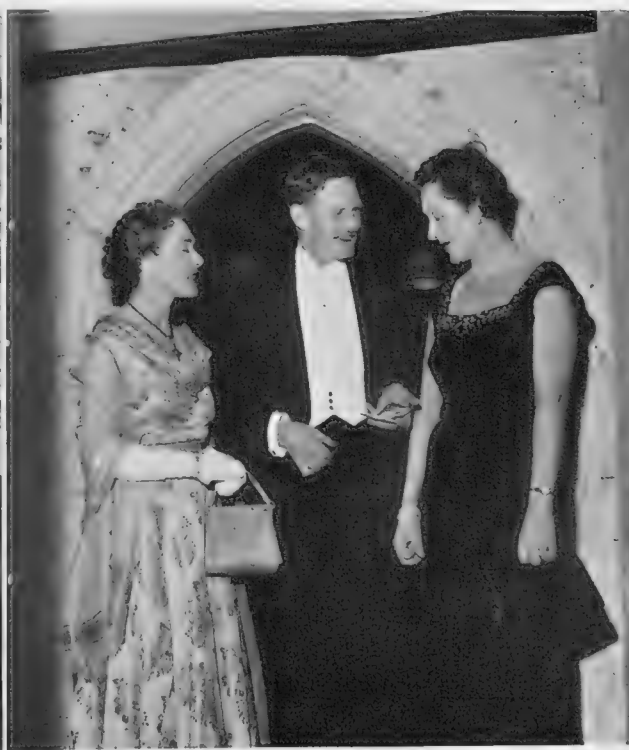
Mr. W. Fisher and Miss C. Trethowan



Miss Annette Villiers, Miss Linda Villiers and Miss Susannah Eaton

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Eaton, hosts, and owners of beautiful Luddesdown Court

Mrs. Richard Villiers and Brig. Villiers, two of the hosts, talking to Mrs. N. Lyall



Mr. A. Dunlop, Miss Elizabeth Ridgers



Miss Teresa Bridgeman and Mr. A. Raikes



Left: Margaret Johnston who will play Portia, Desdemona, and Isabella in *Measure For Measure* at Stratford this year. Above: Mary Fytton, Maid of Honour to Queen Elizabeth (putative Dark Lady of the Sonnets). Right: Diana Churchill who will also be a leading lady at Stratford



Angus McLean

FOUR CENTURIES OF DARK LADIES

• John Goodwin •

THIS week, on Tuesday night, the words, "Go, bid the soldiers shoot," followed by several loud and solemn detonations, brought the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre's curtain down on the end of *Hamlet* and on the opening performance of this year's Stratford-on-Avon season.

To those who had watched, the evening may well have been exciting, moving—and, in its fundamentals, familiar. Yet to Shakespeare, had his spirit moved the three hundred paces from Holy Trinity Church to the theatre, there would have been nothing familiar in the performance at all—except only the lines he had written.

Nevertheless, he might well have accepted most of the well-known differences between his theatre and ours with merely a slight blink. One difference, however, would surely have riveted his attention. Looking at the Stratford stage, he would have been intrigued by Diana Churchill as Gertrude, by Dilys Hamlett as Ophelia, and by sundry pretty ladies-in-waiting. For Shakespeare, of course, never saw an actress; Viola and Juliet, Rosalind and Beatrice, Cressida and Cleopatra, Miranda and Perdita, Lady Macbeth and Portia, all these miraculous girls were played by boys, aged between twelve and sixteen.

So the girls would start Shakespeare's imagination; not only from the point of view of the writer who, used to the limitations imposed by boy-girl actors, was now watching a technical freedom he never enjoyed; but also from a deeply personal point of view: that of a man who might see again, and now even more vividly, the unknown "Dark Lady" who obsessed him and who moves, a recurring image, through so many of his plays.

These—the boy-actress and the Dark Lady—are the miracle and the mystery of Shakespeare's women.

First—the miracle. To begin with, was Shakespeare seriously affected by the problem of writing female rôles for boys

to act? He was a genius, so perhaps not very much. There were, however, conventions that it was necessary and, in the circumstances, an advantage to obey.

He could not allow his lovers to kiss or embrace; it would have shocked the Globe audiences. So we have Romeo separated from Juliet by a balcony in the most famous love scene of all time. And we have Antony and Cleopatra, the most hotly sensual pair in the canon, being given no textual opportunity for showing any physical demonstration of their passion.

Then there was the device of changing the boy-girl to the girl-boy, as with Rosalind, Viola, Portia, Imogen. This, an attractive dramatic convenience of the day, can be unfortunate now when an actress has to squeeze herself into breeches for the greater part of the play. Only twice recently has the change from skirts to pants been brought off successfully. At Stratford in 1952, Margaret Leighton played a delicious Rosalind: slim, with bobbed hair, she remained enough like a girl to please the audience whilst appearing enough like a boy to deceive Orlando. And three years later, Vivien Leigh, her close-fitting costume coloured shades of brown, like a violin, played a lovely Viola: cool, amused, exactly matching the boy-girl of Shakespeare's day.



James Bailey's striking costume design for Rosalind in *Love's Labour's Lost*

ONE can easily imagine rôles such as these being acted well by Elizabethan boys. That a boy could also portray Lady Macbeth is not so acceptable. And that one could actually sustain the long and finally tragic rôle of Cleopatra, sex-ridden and teeming with erotic poetry, is beyond our comprehension.

But boys did these things; and without raising even the ghost of a laugh from the raw, vocal groundlings at the Globe, a theatre packed with "ragtag" from the bear-pits as well as gentry from the bull rings.

To be convincing in the eyes of such an audience is surely one of the miracles of

Shakespeare's women—although a miracle which ceased in 1660. Since then, except in pantomime, the girl has always played the girl, and the boy the boy—with two notable exceptions. In 1899 in Stratford Sarah Bernhardt played Hamlet, thus executing a remarkable *volte-face*. And in 1922, also in Stratford, Laurence Olivier played Kate in *The Taming Of The Shrew*.

BUT what about the mystery of Shakespeare's women? It is a stage picture of an unidentifiable "Dark Lady" whom, in life, Shakespeare loved. Witty, wanton, cruel, fascinating, she had raven hair, sloe eyes, red lips, a white face. She was a shameless creature who "jigged" when she walked and whose breath came quickly. She is the proof that Shakespeare, in spite of the unbelievable, egg-like face that stares at us from above the tomb in Stratford Church, was a passionate man; and a man whose life was so bewitched by this enchantress that he constantly painted her reflection in the Sonnets and in the plays, describing her with fierce hate, with romantic devotion, with sensuality, always unmistakably.

She appears, this white-and-black mystery, in *Romeo And Juliet*: not as Juliet, but as Romeo's first love, Rosaline, who is never seen. The same ebon eyes and pale skin bear the name of Rosaline again, this time in *Love's Labour's Lost*, a comedy containing a self-portrait of Shakespeare himself, Berowne, who at first flirts and plays with Rosaline. Then Shakespeare was irritated by his love. Later, though still ensnared, his disenchantment deepens into hatred. It appears, for instance, in *Cressida*, provocative, treacherous and promiscuous. Cleopatra, the lass unparallel'd, the tawny gipsy, is the last and loveliest of the stage images. With her, Shakespeare parts for ever and almost in forgiveness from the creature who for years had driven him between adoration and loathing.

But who was she? No one knows. Some say she was Mary Fytton, a lady-in-waiting at Elizabeth's Court, who took as lover the Earl of Pembroke and was disgraced. One thing only is sure: that she was the ecstasy and the agony, the mask and the mystery, behind many of the poet's most fascinating women.



A. Corbett

Above: Sir Laurence Olivier's first leading Shakespearian rôle was that of Katharine in *The Taming Of The Shrew* at All Saints Choir School, Margaret Street, London; Production given in 1922 at Stratford-on-Avon. Below: Vivien Leigh made a striking Viola in *Twelfth Night*, Stratford, 1955, cool, amused, exactly matching the boy-girl of Shakespeare's day



Angus McBean

Margaret Leighton dressed for the boy-girl rôle of Rosalind in the 1952 production of *As You Like It* at Stratford-on-Avon



Angus McBean



RACING AT SANDOWN: The Royal Artillery Gold Cup was won this year by Snowhill Jim and ridden magnificently by his owner, Lt.-Col. F. W. C. Weldon, who is captain of the British equitation team, and one of this country's most accomplished all-round horsemen. Above: A bad moment for Major F. Edmeads when he was thrown by Payment under the hooves of Devonella, followed by Moonlight III

At the Races

Sabretache

IT WAS CRUEL LUCK

EXPERIENCE teaches us that anything can happen in any steeplechase, and it is truly a case of "you never know your luck." That which happened to the Queen Mother's Devon Loch in this year's National was very much the same as what happened in that prewar National to Davy Jones and his jockey, the late Lord Mildmay, excepting that in Davy Jones's case one of the reins broke and the horse, of course, ran out. He would have won that National quite comfortably, as would Devon Loch have won this year's race. He had been well up all the way and he was leading from E.S.B. and Royal Tan and looked a certainty, as indeed he was. However, chance is always a tremendous factor in any steeplechase, and it is never more true than it is in a jump race to say a race is never lost until it is won.

It is no use crying over spilt milk, as we know. The only thing to do is to see that we don't spill it again.

Here is a suggestion. I think it would be a good idea if the whole of the straight from the last fence were covered with either tan or sand. Every horse at the end of the Grand National is a tired animal, and that is what may have contributed to this present catastrophe.

A very junior officer of the Senior Service, who, incidentally, happens to be a relation, has asked me a very knotty question about this racing business. He wants to know whether, if he wins the Snotties'

Derby at Gib, or wherever it may take place, he would be disqualified if his horse were running away. I hasten to inform him that he would be quite safe, and add, for further information, that he would only be in jeopardy if he omitted to win if his horse were running away at that crucial moment in the contest, the finish.

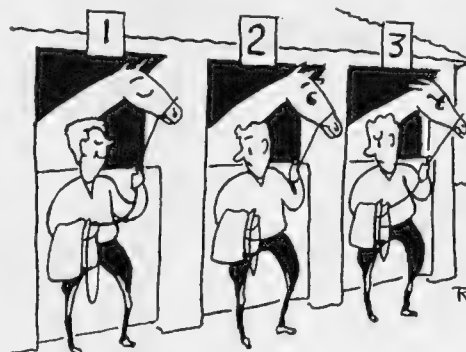
STEWARDS do not like it when jockeys are so absent-minded as to stop a runaway right under their noses and usually demand an explanation. No doubt most experienced Turfites have come across instances of this sort of thing? Speaking for

myself, I can recall at least two. One was in a steeplechase, when an "unwanted" animal started to take charge one out from home. It was a difficult but not an impossible situation, because all that the jockey had to do was to fall off.

The other case was a bit more difficult because there were no friendly fences, and all that the miserable jockey could do was to yell out "mind yerself boys, I can't hold the so and so." This was a most ill-judged remark to make because everyone, including the Stewards, could hear it.

The animal won, of course, but this was not quite the end of the story, because his trainer (and owner) let loose such a blistering barrage of abuse of the wretched jockey that the highly cultured stewards had to demand an immediate *imparlance* and, not considering the explanation at all satisfactory, put him out for the rest of the meeting. Quite illegal, of course, because he had not committed a racing crime; only just shocked the polite ears of the audience.

It so happens that this incident happened before the art of doping had reached the peak of perfection to which it has since attained. It was in John Bull's Other Island, and only the people who were there knew anything about it. My little Snotty friend may have got this at the back of his mind. In these more up-to-date times those who go in for this sort of thing usually do not leave it to the jockey. Why the Dopers do not save themselves a lot of money and trouble by abjuring their dangerous tricks and reverting to the simple bucket of water, goodness alone knows. It is quite as successful, simpler, and does no damage to the horse. I recall being put up on an animal who was supposed to be "already home and dried," but as I cantered it down to the post I could hear the fluid inside making as much noise as the Atlantic. He was full of water.





The Wilton Point-to-Point

WELL House Farm, near Salisbury, was the scene of the Wilton Hunt steeplechases, whose five races produced some close finishes. Above: The judges, Mr. A. Fletcher, the Earl of Normanton and Mr. D. E. Main

Photographs by Desmond O'Neill



Mrs. R. H. Woodhouse with two trophies she won at the meeting: the Wilton and Adjacent Hunts and the Farmers' Adjacent Hunts challenge cups



Miss Annette Gibbon and Mr. B. W. Gibbon



Major and Mrs. Charles Coaker



Miss Elizabeth Jones and Mr. Harry P. Eddison

Mr. and Mrs. W. Terry with the horse they bred, Mrs. R. H. Woodhouse's Ack Ack winner of the Wilton Cup, its second success in a week



Sir Peter Farquhar, Bt., joint-Master of the Portman, Lady Farquhar and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Woodhouse, of West Lodge, near Blandford





"Good of you to wake me, Abernathy, I was having a nightmare"

Roundabout

Cyril Ray

THE talk turned the other day on memorable meals. This one sighed over a luncheon, on some American journalist's expense account, at the Grand Vefour; that one recalled a honeymoon dinner at Lapérouse; another a picnic on a Greek island, of fried baby octopus and resinated wine. There was talk of a Christmas dinner under fire in Italy, a dozen years ago; and of a record holocaust of oysters, on English soil, not more than a few weeks back.

Myself, I couldn't help thinking of a meal that I hadn't myself enjoyed, but only watched being consumed—and how memorable it was, all the same. My wife and I had broken a journey across Belgium to lunch at Courtrai, a smallish town with

no especial distinction other than that we are fond of the Grand Hotel there. At the next table to us in its excellent restaurant sat two middle-aged and, it would seem, middle-class Belgian women: not very smart, not very soignée, not—one would have said—particularly well-off.

WE pricked our ears when we heard them order a portion each of the best imported caviare (we looked at our menus, out of sheer vulgar curiosity: the equivalent of twenty-eight shillings a portion). They washed it down with a modest half-bottle between them of Chablis and called for another portion; down went another fifty-six shillings' worth of Beluga caviare, dug from its huge Sovexport

tin. This was followed by lobster: a whole lobster apiece, each lady's portion in two halves, under a golden blanket of mayonnaise.

With this, bless their little hearts, they polished off a bottle of red Bordeaux—and I saw a glazed look coming over the face of my wife, who was facing them more directly than I was, and whose eyes, under some horrible compulsion, followed every move of their forks, from plate to mouth.

THEN a thought obviously occurred to them: perhaps they'd forgotten something? Back they went to truffled *pâté de Strasbourg*, on hot buttered toast; and when we left the restaurant they were eating great wedges of the chocolate cake

piled with cream that is the speciality of the house, and were about, I think, to go into the matter of more wine.

My wife's theory was that they had both just come off a diet and were indulging not only their greed but their nostalgia: "Do you remember *pâté de foie gras*, dear?" "Indeed I do; it went especially well on hot buttered toast."

And I gave them full marks myself for their putting into practice the old motto of "A little of what you fancy . . ." No food-and-wine snobbism here; what they fancied with cold lobster was claret—and good luck to them.

★ ★ ★

AND talking of restaurants reminds me of the North Country oyster bar we approached one day last September, a little notice on the door of which summed up for us almost everything that can be said about the British catering trade: "Closed for lunch," it read: "12 to 2.30."

★ ★ ★

I PICKED up the other day a copy of the 1827 edition of *The Traveller's Oracle*; or, Maxims For Locomotion: Containing Precepts for Promoting the Pleasures and Hints for Preserving the Health of Travellers, by William Kitchiner, M.D. Among much that is worth the attention of people setting off this summer, and already making plans for Capri or Clacton or the Costa Brava, I pick out the learned author's advice for "any time when your stomach feels as if something is offending, and it seems to say to your Mouth, 'I wish You would be so obliging as to swallow something that will accelerate the divine exoneration.'" Two drachms of subarb; one of syrup; and ten drops of oil of caraway make forty pills, to be taken two or three at a time. And the time of this specific? "Dr. Kitchiner's Aristaltic Persuaders."

★ ★ ★

TRAVELLERS will be glad to learn, too, that a Welch Wig is a cheap and comfortable Travelling Cap and to be advised that, "No matter what be the weather or the Season, never go a Journey without an Umbrella (the Stick of which may contain a Telescope or a Sword)." Though I incline, myself, to "A One-Foot chromatic Telescope with a sliding or polycratic Eye-Tube . . . ; this may be in a Walking-Stick, which should be divided into Feet and Inches, so as to serve also for a Measure. The Upper end of it may be covered with a Cap, in which may be contained a Compass; at the other end is fixed a Dirk six inches in length—such Travellers' Sticks, made in the best manner, may be bought at Mr. Dollond's, in St. Paul's Churchyard." One can imagine the White Knight, a little later, having an account at Mr. Dollond's.

★ ★ ★

KNOWING my devotion to my adopted borough of Islington, a friend has sent me a reproduction of one of those enchantingly engraved trade-cards of the eighteenth century—this one adver-



THE RT. HON. HAROLD MACMILLAN, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer, is to present one of the most critical postwar budgets to the nation on April 17. Mr. Macmillan was one of the "forward group" of Conservative M.P.s in the thirties, and unlike many of the politicians of those days has fulfilled his promise. A Member of Parliament since 1924, he has in recent years held the office of Minister of Housing, in which he made a brilliant success, followed by tenures of the Ministry of Defence and Foreign Secretaryship too short to show his mettle. His present position is one which every Parliamentarian of ambition and skill covets next to the Premiership, and in taking its first great hurdle next Tuesday, Mr. Macmillan may be relied on to give an impressive performance in the House

tising the Decency and Expedition of the Chimney-Sweeper, Nightman and Dealer in Soot at No. 37 Cross Street, Islington. I don't know which pleases me most—the graceful designs of scrolls and swags and classical urns that frame the street scenes in which sacks of soot are carried to horse-drawn carts, with a glimpse in the background of the spire of St. Mary's, Islington (where a recent captain of England is now a curate); the phrase, "Your Orders will be punctually Obey'd as I have Boys of all Sizes"; or the endearingly appropriate name of the master chimney-sweep himself: Jonathan Crow.

★ ★ ★

ALL the fun of eavesdropping without guilt or embarrassment is open to London owners of television sets who, bored with Dimpleby on Channel 1 and Liberace on Channel 9, turn to Channel 7 and listen to the instructions being broadcast to the city's radio-controlled taxis. The screen is blank, but imagination can picture the face of George Two-Eight (each driver is identified by a Christian

name and the number of his cab) who hears, as I overheard the other night, "And your missis has rung up, too, and says there's a quid back from the income-tax."

It is a one-way conversation only: the drivers remain unheard. But, eating one's telesnax from the teletrolley at the tele-table-ette, as the advertisements advise, one can fill in the gaps as a voice says, "when you come in, Alf, bring me some fish an' chips from that place near Euston." A click and a pause, and then, "Well what I likes best is skate, Alf, but whatever they've got."

The best turn the other night was to guess what George had said that elicited, "What? only gave you tuppence, George! Never mind, it'll buy you a cup of tea." The joke is that you can't get a cup of tea for tuppence.

★ ★ ★

BAGPIPES, I KNOW, are by no means peculiar solely to the Scots, for I have seen and heard them played in Italy and in the mountains of southern Greece, and by Berbers from the foothills of the Atlas in a Libyan oasis—to say nothing of the Irish pipes and the sweeter, smaller instruments played in Northumberland, direct descendant, they say, of those played along the Roman wall by soldiers of Caesar's from the Abruzzi.

But I was surprised to see, all the same, in Sotheby's splendid catalogue of the Simon Goldblatt collection of porcelain, to be sold next month, how many German factories of the eighteenth century fashioned shepherds and beggars and court jesters playing the bagpipes. A lad from Ludwigsburg has bagpipes hanging from his belt as he raises his glass to his lass; a Strasbourg peasant pipes to a peasant maid; there is a Meissen beggar-woman (her sister is in the British Museum) playing the bagpipes; a harlequin and a jester from Höchst and from Dresden play bagpipes made of goatskins, complete with heads.

It was a musical century, the eighteenth; among the nearly three hundred lots, there are figures with French horns, violins, mandolins, hurdy gurdies, lutes, flutes and an instrument the cataloguer calls a banjo. A banjo? In the eighteenth century? I think it must be a lute.

★ ★ ★

WHAT song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among the women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture." Has anyone conjectured, I wonder, what the first names are of the mackintoshes Inspector Maigret of the Paris Sûreté, who has smoked his pipe and solved his cases through at least fifty-seven Simenon novels (neither author nor publisher is quite sure of the number), belying his last name by being burly, and successfully concealing his first?

Now, the latest adventure, *Maigret's Revolver*, which brings him to London, reveals that he was christened Jules-Joseph Anthelme. Which I find even rummier than that Sherlock Holmes was very nearly created as Sherrington Hope.

At the Theatre

WOBBLING TARGET

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

IN matters theatrical the right approach is everything. Go to the Globe expecting another *George And Margaret* from Mr. Gerald Savory and you will suffer considerable disappointment; go ready to enjoy accomplished acting in a bad little play and you will be pretty well entertained.

What is wrong, chiefly, with *A Likely Tale* is the author's approach to its subject matter. He cannot make up his mind whether to set autumn leaves stirring gently in a sort of Chekhovian comedy or to scatter them madly in a roaring English farce. His autumn leaves are two old maids, the sad but indomitably skittish Miss Margaret Rutherford and the formidably quarrelsome Miss Violet Farebrother, and their brother played by Mr. Robert Morley as a grossly self-indulgent but rather amiable old fuddy-duddy.

They are in a vast, mausoleum-like Wimbledon drawing-room where most of their futile lives have been spent awaiting the death of their bed-ridden father. They are comfortably sure how the old man, who has been an excessively trying father, will divide his money. The china will come to one sister, the paintings to the other and the wine cellar to the brother, but the only real difference that the death will make is that the mausoleum in which they have their anaemic being will now quite definitely belong to them.

THE afternoon brings a terrible shock to these pathetic creatures who seem to have been knitted in wool. There is no doubt about it. The awful old man upstairs has maliciously decided to leave his money to a home for aged horses.

Downstairs comes Miss Rutherford in a state of despair that she contrives to make at once grotesque and pathetic. There is an unexpected guest to tea. He has come to value the china, but such is the family's preoccupation with their own troubles that though the forms of hospitality are observed the guest gets nothing whatever to eat or to drink. Mr. Morley munches stolidly; Miss Farebrother tries in vain to comfort the still tremulous Miss Rutherford; cups and cakes are mentioned but somehow they never get passed; and that wholly admirable actor, Mr. Richard Pearson, manages by his droll assumption of



diffident perplexity, to make this unhappy tea party the funniest thing in the play.

It is then Mr. Morley's turn to go out of the room as the gentle old fusspot and burst in again as his own ne'er-do-well son, an exuberant spiv.

HE has come to share in the fortune and, though naturally taken aback by the unfortunate turn events have taken, he is by no means at the end of his resources. He soon finds out that the old man upstairs means to leave his money, not to a home for aged horses, but to the pretty housemaid. Her he proceeds to woo with terrific *bravura*. (It is not without historical interest that nowadays a pretty housemaid has to be explained. The reason why Mr. Savory's housemaid is not a nippy or a bus conductress is that she cannot read or write.) However, she talks charmingly and she is played charmingly by Miss Judy Parfitt. Miss Parfitt conveys admirably the slight ambiguity in the girl's character on which the tale comes to depend.

If Mr. Savory had found the right approach and brought his sentimental and comic ideas into harmony he would have brought off a considerable play. As it is we find our entertainment in the contrasts between Mr. Morley's quite touching sketch of the old man and his exuberant clowning of the son, and in the rest of the playing which is always good and touched sometimes with the brilliance of virtuosity.



"A LIKELY TALE" (Globe Theatre). Above: Robert Morley as Jonah Petersham, the black sheep who cashes in on anything within reach. Below, as Oswald Petersham, a harmless, elderly eccentric, whose hobbies are vintage port and the writing of highly individual poetry. Also his unmarried sisters, Lola (Violet Farebrother, left), a virago with a kind heart, and Mirabelle (Margaret Rutherford) who is as yet blissfully unaware that youth is far behind her



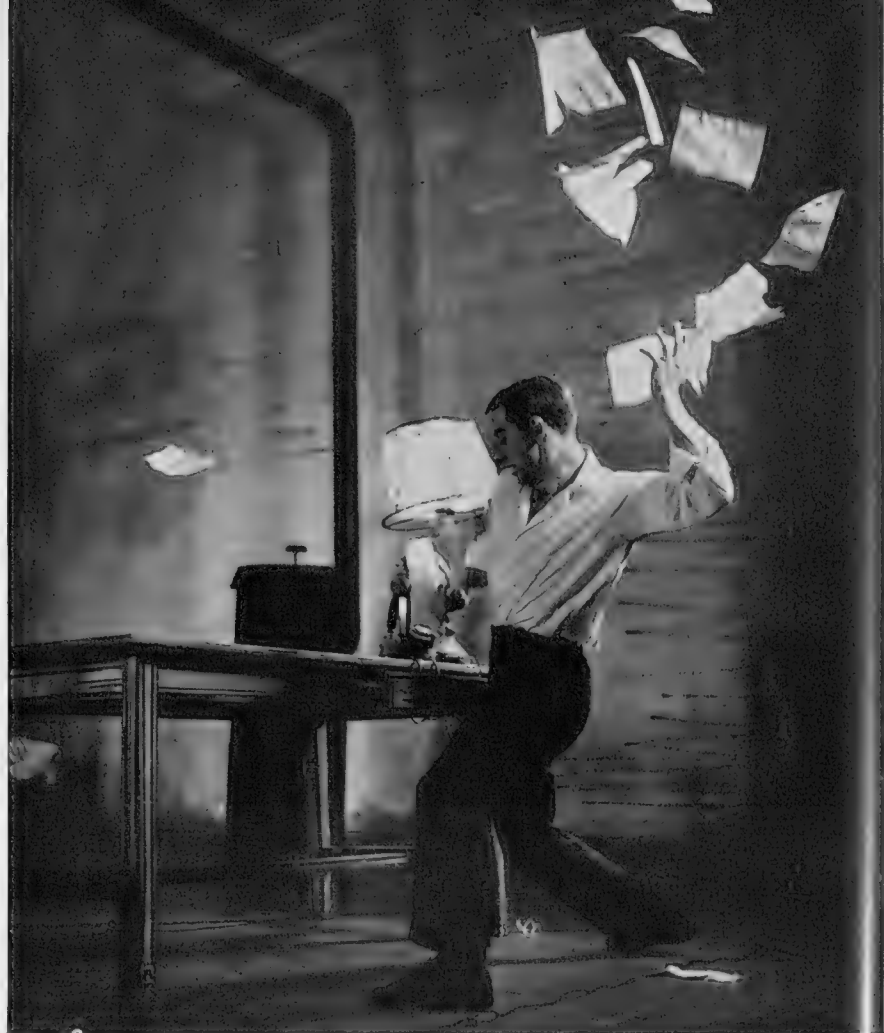
DANIELLE DARRIEUX

THE beautiful French actress whose name has been internationally known since her great dramatic performance opposite Charles Boyer in *Mayerling* in 1936, has one of the leading parts in the new film *Scarlet And Black*, based on the novel by Stendhal, set in provincial France and Paris of the early 1830s. Mlle. Darrieux plays the rôle of the young wife of the mayor of a small town. She falls in love with an ambitious young man who is her children's tutor (Gérard

Philippe) and becomes the cause of his ultimate downfall.

Danielle Darrieux, who is also to be seen in the current *Alexander The Great*, was born in Bordeaux and educated in Paris and Switzerland. She appeared in her first film when only fourteen, and has starred in several American pictures, including *The Rage Of Paris* with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and *Five Fingers* with James Mason. Two of the best known of her recent Continental films are *La Ronde* and *Madame de*.

Her mother was a teacher of singing and she herself has always been a great lover of music. She has also appeared with great success on the stage, her first essay on the boards having been made at Brussels in the mid thirties



THE PARIS BALLET MAY WELL STARTLE LONDON

KIERAN TUNNEY, screenwriter, playwright, and one of the most perceptive of the younger ballet critics, here gives an outline of the achievements of the famous French company headed by Roland Petit which will visit London this summer, and will offer an instructive contrast to the work of our own Sadler's Wells

IN the world of art competition is not only healthy but essential. It is therefore good news that, as from May 8, the Sadler's Wells Ballet will have a formidable rival—Les Ballets de Paris de Roland Petit—for the affection and support of London balletgoers.

The French company was formed in 1945, and its most vital work is Petit's *Carmen*—a balletic version of the Bizet-Mérimée opera. This is at once supremely dramatic, compelling and outrageous; its sexual undertones being almost overpowering—a superb and ruthless analysis of passionate love. Apart from *Carmen*, which will have the original cast—Petit and Renée Jeanmaire—the opening programme will include the London première of *La Chambre*. This crime ballet with a scenario by Simenon, music by Auric, décor and costumes by Buffet and choreography by the company's director, Roland Petit, enjoyed a success at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées last January.

The leading rôles in *La Chambre* will be taken by Veronika Mlakar—a striking Yugoslav beauty recently discovered by Cocteau—and Buzz Miller, an American jazz-dancer who has forsaken the musical stage for ballet.

CAN Sadler's Wells's repertoire of modern works stand up to such competition? I believe so; especially now that *Job*, *Symphonic Variations* and *Scènes de Ballet* have been revived.

Frederick Ashton's *Scènes de Ballet* is one of the loveliest things in contemporary ballet, being only a degree less satisfying than *Symphonic Variations*, the choreographer's masterpiece. The present revival does scant justice to its beauty, the casting of Nadia Nerina in the leading part proving fatal.

A ballerina of lightness and subtlety is required—Moira Shearer possessed these qualities—and it is

therefore wrong that a dancer of such different attributes should be entrusted with the rôle. This failure to take personality into account when casting is a serious defect in the company; the impact of ballet after ballet is constantly reduced by it.

BUT though *Job*, *Symphonic Variations* and *Scènes de Ballet* can stand up to the best the French can offer, Kenneth Macmillan's first Covent Garden effort, *Noctambules*, is unlikely to score many points for Dame Ninette. One had hoped that *Noctambules* would alleviate the dearth of stimulating modern works; for Macmillan's previous efforts had a certain originality. But a glance at the programme—with its *Rich Girl*, *Poor Girl* and other hackneyed types—sent one's spirits zooming downwards; and nothing that happened after the curtain had risen helped to lift them again.

But the choreography is a real disappointment. Macmillan would seem to believe that originality can be achieved by intricate movement, no matter how ugly and awkward it may be.

If Macmillan and the other youthful choreographers had something original to say in the way of theme or story, they would not need to strive so desperately for technical tricks to disguise the lack of content in their works.

The present-day ballet system of allowing young choreographers vast sums to stage their half-baked ideas is nonsensical. If they cannot think of a worthwhile scenario, then a writer should be employed to compose one for them. And if, as I'm told, they argue that they can only find inspiration in their own ideas, it should be firmly pointed out that the great choreographers such as Ivanov and Fokine were not beyond employing authors to supply them with books and themes for their ballets.



Baron



REALISTIC IN SETTING, fiercely emotional in content, the Paris ballet makes no truce with classicism. On these pages are shown four scenes from *La Chambre* which will have its London première in May. Simenon, the famous French thriller writer, provided the scenario, the music is by Georges Auric. The chief dancers are Buzz Miller and Veronika Mlakar. The ballet is a take-off, in terms of crime, of Cocteau's *Le jeune Homme Et La Mort*, which helped, with *Jeux Des Cartes* and *Les Forains*, to make the company's name



Mme. Maria Antonia de Heredia and M. Georges Manou



Count Wenkheim in company with Princess Ibrahim

The Duchess of Pistoia with Comte H. de Salverte at the Hotel Richemond

M. Sasha de Manziarly, and the Comtesse Chevreau d'Antraigues



The
TATLER
and
Bystander
APRIL 11,
1956
68

Priscilla in Paris

FATE'S GOLDEN BUFFET

SUCH an elegant, imperturbable young man. So *soigné*, so perfectly tailored. "He has the lustre of an English diplomat," murmured an awed and anonymous onlooker as Bernard Buffet emerged from his Rolls that, miraculously, had found parking space outside the Drouant-David Gallery. Miracles happen easily to this talented and very lucky lad. It was the opening day of his latest exhibition of pictures "inspired by the circus world."

How tame a theme after the earlier shows that have established his reputation as a painter of all that is frightful. His grey, drab "Horrors of War," his grim, revolting scenes of deportation camps that, given the artist's age, must have been born of a morbid imagination fostered by hearsay. The portrayal of clowns, jugglers and acrobats sounded as if they might be an anticlimax in spite of all that is sad and sordid inherent to the sawdust ring. "Clowns are children without innocence," writes Margery Allingham in one of her finest books, *The Beckoning Lady*, "that's why they're so awful, truly awful."

ONE could concede Bernard Buffet his clowns for they are truly awful, but I cannot forgive him his flat-footed jugglers or his graceless acrobats. The background is changed, but the personages are as

gaunt and pot-bellied as his ghastly nudes in the deportation camps. All the faces are hallucinatingly alike, strained, agonized and haggard. But this is the Buffet manner. It is the way he actually sees himself if one may judge by a self-portrait that can be found in Michel Georges-Michel's *De Renoir à Picasso*. In reality he is a twenty-eight year old, pleasant, amiable-looking young man. Jacqueline Zay sums him up very neatly when she says: "Ask Bernard Buffet for a flower-piece and he will paint a bunch of faded thistles."

TOUR Paris was present on the opening day. Amidst the many I saw M. and Mme. Massigli, the Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld, Jean Cocteau, Jacqueline Delubac, snugly swathed in sables; Alice Cocea, sylph-like in silver fox; Toly Litvak, Serge Veber and Germaine Cossini.

The latter, who arrived rather late, was anxious to acquire a picture of two emaciated acrobats on the flying trapeze. They were depicted in mid-air and one could see no possible point of contact for their outstretched hands. A nerve-racking picture to live with; one would always be expecting them to fall. Indeed Germaine, who is a kindly soul, had decided either to stand the frame on the floor of her music room or else hang a net on the wall. However it was already sold. Cheques were piling up to the dizzy total of thirty million francs on that

first afternoon. The truly awful seems to be quite an investment.

Strange are the hats we are expected to admire this spring. Some are so tall—like the stories that are told about them—that only the owners of cars with a sunshine roof are able to wear them. So awkward on wet days. The smaller kind are desolatingly masculine, prim and severe. Not so long ago our lovelies were permitted to choose hats that became them. Now it is the face that must be bullied to suit what it must wear!

For instance "hair is not worn this season." This, I gather, is final. More latitude is permitted for one's eyebrows. These should not follow the same line as the brim of the hat. They must be thick and gently arched. A long, thin nose requires eyebrows that are far apart. Above a snub nose they should almost meet. . . .

COLUMNS and columns of this sort of thing filled a French magazine that I read "under the drier" at my hairdresser's the other afternoon. Judging by the well-thumbed pages our lovelies consult it but what I want to know is: "when do they find time to do all these things?"

M. Eustache, who is an old friend, caught my eye as I threw the journal back on the pile and grinned at him. I vow he winked and inquiringly lifted an eyebrow. (An ordinary, normal eyebrow.) "A bit late to try it out on me, my friend!" I remarked.

"Dieu merci!" said M. Eustache.

Toutes comforts moderne

● Safety first. (*Vide* the daily press.) "Seven first aid posts, two police cars, an ambulance, punts, ropes, ladders and life-belts are stationed permanently round the Daumesnil lake." One hopes there is also a coffee stall.

A GALA IN GENEVA

CHRISTIAN DIOR showed dresses from his spring collection (left) at a brilliant gala given under Franco-Swiss auspices in Geneva in aid of the Pestalozzi Children's Village Association. This happy occasion was attended by all the leaders of the international groups in the lakeside city



Brodrick Haldane



The principal guest, Queen Victoria Eugénie, with M. Robert Chantemesse, the French author



The Marquis and Marquise de Cramayel with Mr. Herman Landmann (centre)



Mme. Etienne Dennery and M. Aymon de Senacless, Councillor of State



Comte Chevreau d'Antraigues, Mme. Marion Schuster and M. Charles Gillet

H.E. M. Etienne Dennery, the French Ambassador, and Mme. Sasha de Manziarly

Miss Lila Kerr and Mlle. Dariane Firmenich helped to draw tombola tickets





FATHER TREVOR HUDDLESTON, whose book *Naught For Your Comfort* (Collins, 12s. 6d.), describing his twelve years' work in South Africa in increasingly difficult circumstances, has won an immense public, is here seen in his Johannesburg study. He has now returned to the headquarters of his Order, the Anglican Community of the Resurrection, at Mirfield, Yorks, where he has been appointed Master of Novices whom he will train in missionary work

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

ESSENCE OF IRELAND

OLD IRELAND, of song and romantic legend, and modern Ireland—are they leagues apart? An American lady alighting at Shannon Airport expressed a fear, with reference to the runways, that there was no place left for fairies to dance. That, we natives had not gone into. On the whole, Ireland adapts to change by the simple process of not changing. And most constant of all is national character. This, Mary Lavin captures as few can. Her new book of stories, *The Patriot Son* (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), shows our ancient oddnesses in today's setting.

Short stories carry national flavour in the most concentrated form. Maupassant's could not be anything but French, Chekhov's anything but Russian, Hemingway's anything but American. Miss Lavin's are straightforwardly Irish—without a single conventional Hibernianism. Her people are neither bog peasants nor hunt followers—and she has steered clear, in *The Patriot Son*, of anything strikingly picturesque. Nonetheless, in her pictures of small-town people in the Irish Midlands (her own part) she gives us something formidable. She has great comic sense, good-humour with, just often enough, a bite to it. She touches on tragedy, but without too much dwelling—in "The Little Prince," tale of a banished brother, heartbreak is present, though it is muted. Unlike some realists, she is not depressing.



Many genial Irish small shops, I fear, conceal a Bedelia Grimes in the back parlour. This woman of iron, planning her own marriage, wrecking her sister's, packing abroad the too easy-going Tom, is as dauntless as anything Irish fiction has given us since Somerville and Ross wrote *The Real Charlotte*—true, she does not wear Charlotte's deceptive mask. Bedelia figures in "An Old Boot," "Frail Vessel" and "The Little Prince" aforesaid. In the title story, we have another example of sour caution—I could wish, incidentally, that Miss Lavin had not placed "The Patriot Son" first: it is her only story about "the Troubles," but it could give the impression that all the others are to share that theme. They have better-found ones.

MOST charming, and indeed I think a masterpiece, is "Chamois Gloves": we live through the day on which three young postulants take their First Vows. "A beautifully fine day, thank God!" There is bustle everywhere—and what of the three concerned? We enter the mind of Veronica—left, at the end, with her sister's forgotten gloves, last symbol of a girlhood in common. This is a lyrical, tender story, with more than one family comedy in the convent parlour. Hardly less touching is "Limbo," in which a small girl, back from the ends of the earth, is cheated, by her parent's choice of Ireland, of the English schooldays she'd pictured, hoped to enjoy. Poor little Naida, of the blonde plaits, sole

and conspicuous Protestant in the classroom!

Another high point in *The Patriot Son* is "A Tragedy": tale of young married life overshadowed by a third person. The title has, subtly, a dual meaning; for the return of unwanted Sis from visits away coincides with news of the crash of an Irish airliner. Town and village are humming with morbid rumours as Tom and Mary drive through the night to collect Sis from her long-distance bus. Mary's widowed sister, Sis, must be given a home: her chatter, her flighty silliness, her self-pity are driving Tom crazy with irritation.

Across the sea, in the Welfare State, this same Sis, young and perfectly able-bodied, would have been pitched out to find a job for herself—in Ireland, family pieties are stronger, and pity goes to lengths almost pathological. Which is right? "A Tragedy" contains, in its few pages, more irony than goes to many a novel.

Twelve pieces, in all, make up *The Patriot Son*. Even if Ireland, in principle, leaves you cold, you can hardly fail to react to these twelve as stories. And let not the mouse wedged in the teapot spout put you off either mice or tea!

★ ★ ★

ROX HALL ILLUMINED, a novel by Phyllis Paul (Heinemann, 13s. 6d.), has a heroine who, although dead, lives. Katherine Anthony walks again in the obsessive memory of two younger people, both of whom had been strongly under her influence—one, indeed, fancies himself her son. And she lives, or is thought to live, in another sense: lights by night, eerie manifestations, are observed in the gardens of Rox Hall,

a Kentish mansion now the house of an Order. Kassie (as she was known to friends) had, after a fevered, wasteful and rakish life, become a Carmelite nun.

Nor had that been all: her spiritual confessions, dictated on her deathbed, have become a religious best-seller, sweeping the world. . . . What are Harry Hart and Helen Shepherd to make of it? Their memories of Kassie are resentful—on the whole, she had done them nothing but harm. Certainly, they are a coldblooded couple, these two deserted parasites of a wealthy woman. . . . I am not sure that I totally understand *Rox Hall Illumined*: almost too many issues seem involved. The high tension of feeling, and its curious quality, takes it out of one rather: Miss Paul allows no let-ups. None the less this sombre novel absorbed me, up to the terrifying crisis near its end.

Miss Paul's writing puts a spell on one, there's no doubt. And not for a long time have I come across such uncannily majestic pictures of London—South Kensington in particular. Queen's Gate will never feel quite the same again. Lurid sunsets stream over vast façades, trees in squares gather elemental darkness, and the staircase of a block of half-built flats seems fitter for poltergeists than for humans. *Rox Hall Illumined*, whatever it may do to the reader, is decidedly an imaginative triumph.

★ ★ ★

HAROLD IN LONDON (Collins, 12s. 6d.) is sequel to the memorable *Smith*. Nor have Kate Christie's powers grown less. Harold, the limping ex-major, is as lovable and as aggravating as ever—aggravating, that is, to his well-wishers. The Cumberland quire, having dealt patiently with a dotty mother and crooked soldier servant (the late Smith), has sold his lands and come to the capital. Object, either to lose or to find himself.

Outwardly, his life has now no human incubus. Both the impossibles are dead. Harold Crane takes a job in a travel agency; his abode becomes the fog-filled former dining-room of a towering house made over into "rooms." Such are thousands now, with their flaking stucco, dim-curtained plate glass windows and looming porches. On the attic floor dwells and works a great artist, Sam. Need it be said that Harold, with country sociability, makes his way up one Sunday and introduces himself—thereby entering, via Sam's protégé Toni, into tangles more grievous than ever Cumberland knew?

WHAT a strange figure, a squire with now no village but London! "I've been busy," Harold explains to his new friends, "fulfilling all the required obligations. I have been a major, a landlord and a J.P. What is more, I used to read the lessons in church. But I've come away—or if you like, thrown myself away." Julia, the wrecked, beautiful and notorious, is to be at once Harold's idol and problem child. Julia, who has set her fierce eyes on Toni, the Mediterranean war-waif. Between these three comes into being a situation which, though triangular, is framed on none of the well-worn rivalries.

Mrs. Christie is more than a remarkable novelist; she commands a spirit lacking in most fiction. Social London, seen through the eyes of a countrified English gentleman of the old school, is at once shown up and—one might say—forgiven. Equally, I could not be sorry when the story carried us back to Cumberland—a district which Mrs. Christie's genius brings, once again, to life. . . . *Harold In London* abounds in memorable characters. You can understand this novel without having read its predecessor: still, I do counsel readers who missed *Smith* to make the omission good.



THE MAKING OF GARDENS is fascinatingly dealt with in *The Earth Is My Canvas* by Percy S. Cane (Methuen, 42s.). Above: terrace view at Westwoods, Windlesham, Surrey (residence of the late Mrs. Arthur Pyke). Below: lake and house, The Aviary, Southall, Middlesex (Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight). At bottom: formal pool garden, Hascombe Court, Godalming (Mr. C. C. Jacobs)



TO LOOK WELL ON A HORSE



THE fitted riding coat and jodhpurs (left) are from Moss Bros. The black riding jacket £11 11s. 0d., in tweed for £8 8s. 0d. Jodhpurs in fawn cavalry twill £11 11s. 0d. and £14 5s. 0d. Brown jodhpur boots with elastic sides, or adjustable straps, £4 13s. 9d. Riding bowler £3 15s. 6d., string gloves in yellow or white 10s. 6d. All from Moss Bros. For the younger generation (above), also from Moss Bros., is a tweed jacket, £6 12s. 6d. and £8 10s. 0d., children's jodhpurs in finest wool cavalry twill £6 18s. 6d., velvet cap £3 3s. 0d., roll collar sweater £1 13s. 6d., and string gloves 7s. 6d. From Aquascutum comes (right) a showerproof West of England check tweed in black and white. Price 17 gns.

by
Isobel Vicomtesse
d'Orthez

Fashion Editress







FOR ARCHERY: A suède and knitted jerkin 13½ gns. Gaberdine archery skirt 6½ gns. Peaked gaberdine cap 42s. Bow £16 11s. Armbrace 15s. 6d. Archery gloves 8s. 6d. Quiver belt £2 9s. 9d. Ground quiver 11s. 6d. Set of arrows £6 8s. All from Lillywhites

FOR TENNIS: The new long-lined pure white tennis dress in durably pleated sharkskin, small flat pleats all round the skirt, £4 19s. 6d. Gold Crown tennis racket 7 gns. 1 dozen tennis balls 21s. From Lillywhites





FOR GOLF: Lillywhites' lightweight
woolsted golf skirt, 6 gns. Tailored
poplin shirt with short sleeves £3 5s. 6d.
Golfier cardigan about £3 15s. Silk
sweater scarf 10s. 6d. Tan leather belt
£2 5s. Golf bag £6 13s. The three
"woods" are 79s. 6d. each, nine irons
65s. each, set of head covers 43s. 8d.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

FOR RACE MEETINGS: A camel clas-
sic coat for all-round country wear
from Aquascutum, 14 gns. and 19 gns.
Classic matching beret Basque, by
Kangol, 7s. 6d. From Lillywhites



Dorville's multi-coloured slacks with needle cord shirt dyed to match in cotton suède finish, at La Strada in Hanover Square. Price, approx. £8. Shirt approximately £4 10s.



Londonus's bold alphabetical cotton print T shirt to wear over slacks as shown or the slimmest of slim skirts. Shirt approx. 80s.; jeans in whipcord approx. 52s., Selfridges

Sambo's novelty print cotton dress — shirt front, full skirt and jacket to match at Bourne and Hollingsworth in mid-May. Price approx. 98s. 6d.



Linzi's dark fantasia sleeveless dress with a button-on coat in spotted cotton. This cotton requires no ironing. Approx. 6 gns. at D. H. Evans



John French

PLAYING WITH ELEGANCE

Dorville's play suit of trousers and loose jacket is in cotton suède outlined in a dark trace line with mohair braid. Jacket 12½ gns. Trousers 7 gns. at Harvey Nichols



CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

by

Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

SET OF THE TIDE

NOW that the yachting season is getting well under way we have selected sailing clothes for this week's choice. Left: oil wool polo-necked sweater (£2 5s.) with sailcloth trousers in red, blue or mauve (2½ gns.) and espadrilles (14s. 6d.). Below: wrap-around sailcloth skirt in red or blue (£2 7s. 6d.) teamed with same sweater. Right: Cornish breaker top in sailcloth (2½ gns., exclusive to Simpsons); with matching shorts (£1 7s. 6d.). In red, blue yellow or navy and in small, medium and large sizes. All from Simpsons, Piccadilly

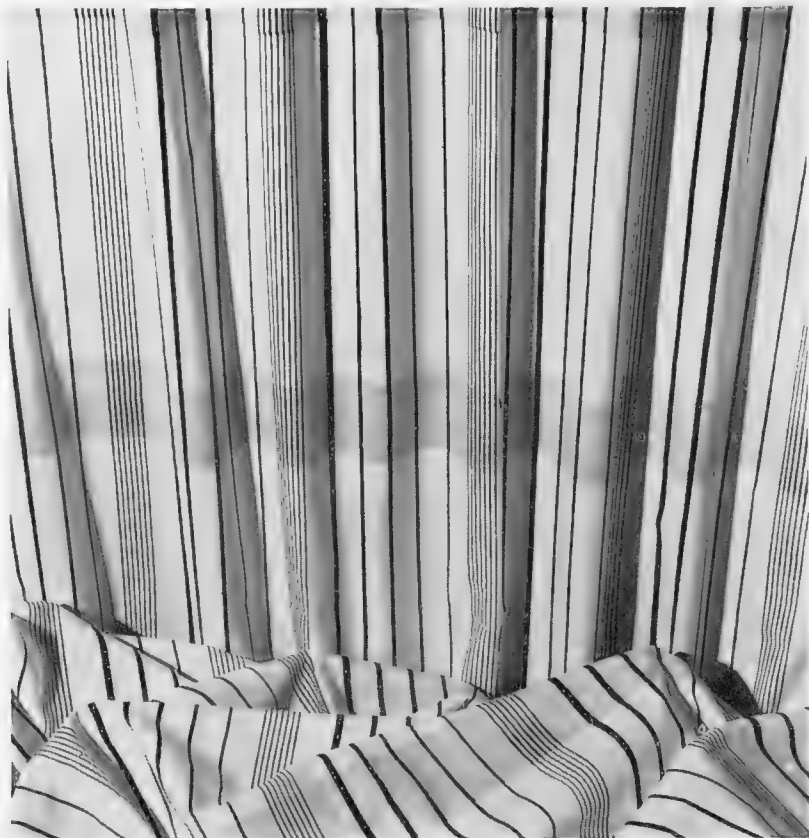


Photographs
by
John French





"Yachting" printed cotton
a wonderful shade of
with white, from Italy. 3
wide, 22s. 6d. a yard.
sea lovers. From Wooll
lands



"Fence," printed cotton in a variety of striking
shades from Sweden. 50 in. wide, price
27s. 6d. a yard. Obtainable from Woollands



"Gramerey," printed cotton sateen, from America, 36 in. wide,
price 21s. 11d. a yard. Plain green everglaze to go with it
(English), 48 in. wide, price 13s. 3d. a yard. From Woollands

Fabrics that stir the imagination

AN infinite variety of beautiful designs in wallpapers and fabrics offers wide scope today for imaginative decoration in the home. Materials that have been unavailable in this country since before the war are now making a welcome "come-back," and of these, lovely printed velvets sent from Sweden are among the most exciting. At Woollands, in Knightsbridge, who recently had an International Exhibition of soft furnishings, I saw lovely lengths of these, which would make beautiful curtains. For loose covers to go with them there is a woven deep-textured cotton, which can be specially dyed to any shade. From Italy come the rich and glowing colours for which that country is famous, from America exquisite floral designs in delicate, springlike colourings, while Switzerland appears to be specializing in a variety of stripes in different widths, from the narrow to the very wide. Outstanding among the new fabrics are the cottons, which have come right into the foreground as regards popularity and beauty. If, in the past, you have thought of these as the Cinderellas of soft furnishings, take a look at the latest examples—sateen cottons and glazed cottons—and you will certainly have to think again. Very crisp and fresh, they are suitable for curtains, and in many cases they can also be used for covering chairs and settees, in such rooms as bedrooms and drawing-rooms, where they will not receive too much hard wear.

[Continuing on page 82]



Sanderson's machine print inspired by fob-watch engravings in the Victoria and Albert Museum, 18s. piece. Matching fabric, 48 in. wide, 34s. 6d. yd. All leading stores



"Smoke." A particularly lovely soft-textured hand-printed velvet from Sweden, new and exciting. 50 in. wide, £4 4s. a yard. From Woollands



Black and white cow parsley design on sage green ovals against citron background. 50 in. wide. Fadeless Rosebank fabric by Turnbull and Stockdale, Ltd. Approx. 14s. 4d. yard

Ideas for the "doublet"

A FEATURE of modern living being the "kitchen-dining-room," some ideas to be seen at Sanderson's are of unusual interest. Here you can get amusing and novel wallpapers designed to be used as panels on one wall of the room, with plain paper on the rest. In this way you get the kitchen effect at one end, and the dining-room "look" at the other. There are also some fascinating wallpapers with fabrics to match, and new washable papers for the bathroom, which, in a mosaic pattern, make a welcome change from the more usual tiles

—JEAN CLELAND



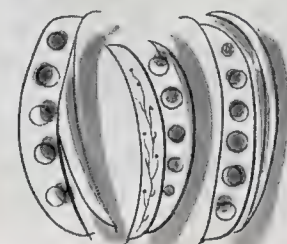
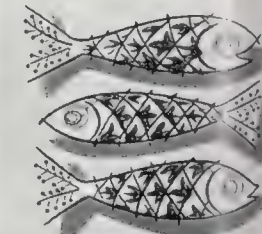
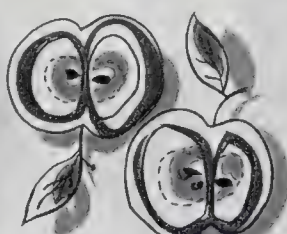
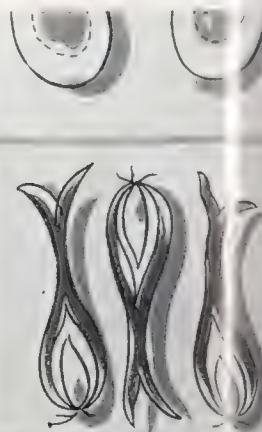
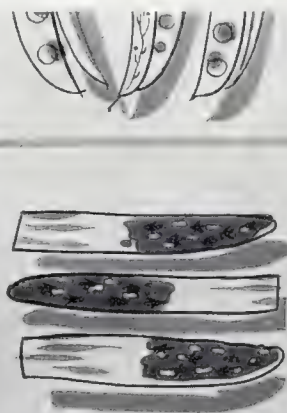
Above: A compelling design of life-size green sugar canes, screen printed on citron everglaze chintz. 50 in. wide, approx. 24s. 11d. yard. Below: "Old Stagers" and festooned lanterns, gaily printed 50-in. cretonnes. Approx. 14s. 9d. yard each. All these are fadeless Rosebank fabrics by Turnbull and Stockdale of Manchester



Gay cotton print from Germany in modern design. 48 in. to 50 in. wide, 26s. yard approx. Also handpainted Sanderson wallpaper to match, 67s. a piece



Washable paneling paper by Sanderson, 10s. piece plus 15 per cent surcharge. Contrast paper 8s. 6d. piece, plus surcharge. This is a particularly charming combination





Beauty

Hair wizardry

IF intelligent use is made of the various exciting preparations that have recently been created for the glorification of hair, there should be plenty of beauty ahead this spring.

One that particularly interested me is something called "Color-Glo," an entirely new product of the well-known beauty house of L'Oreal of Paris. At a party given for the press this was explained and demonstrated on models, with great effect. The process was carried out in front of our eyes, so that we could see how simple it is for any woman to use in her own home.

"Color-Glo" seems to me to do for the hair what cosmetics do for the skin. Few women with a too pale complexion would hesitate, in these days, to heighten its natural colouring with a delicate touch of make-up. This gives a life and glow to the face that often makes indeterminate shades of hair—"mousy" or pepper and salt" grey—sadly dreary by contrast.

WITH this new "controlled" colour you can highlight your hair at home. There are six shades, all of which are translucent and adapt themselves to natural colouring. This means that there are no drastic changes, but what I can best describe as a gentle and subtle burnishing, with attractive results.

At the party, we were told that "Color-Glo" contains no peroxide and no bleaching agent, and that it actually improves the texture of the hair. To use it you simply sprinkle it straight from the bottle on to the damp hair—which has already been washed in the ordinary way—lather it up and leave it from five to ten minutes, according to the depth of colour required. The effect lasts for six to eight shampoos.

Toni Cosmetics Ltd. have just brought out a new and improved perm called "Fresh Air" Toni, so named because of the pleasant fresh air smell that replaces the former ammonia odour which has now been eliminated from the lotion. Young people



Raymond

EAR-RINGS attached to an Alice band adorn Raymond's gay ersatz penny bun for the party season. The front hair is arranged in flip curls. The back, which is really quite short, gives the "bun" illusion

especially—so many of whom like to do their own perms at home—will, I think, like this new Toni, because it is very easy to use. Instead of having to dab each curl separately, the neutralizer can be just poured over the head, first with the curlers wound, and again after they have been taken out. To avoid any chance of frizziness, the curls are protected with lanoline tissue papers, which seems a very important improvement. The price for a whole-head kit is 8s. 9d.

For those who merely want to liven up an existing perm, and tidy up the odd wisps here and there, there is a "Tip Toni" which only costs 5s. Both sizes come in three strengths to suit different types of hair, Gentle, Regular and Super.

NO perm or colouring, however good, can look its best unless the hair itself is in good condition. In the interests of scalp health, Raymond makes an important contribution with an entirely new scalp lotion. "Few scalps," says this famous hair expert, "are entirely free from dandruff," and it is to eradicate and guard against this menace that he has created his new lotion. This has highly germicidal qualities, which sterilize the scalp, alleviate excessive greasiness, and make it, at the same time, an excellent tonic. It comes in a plastic non-spill bottle, which permits direct application, and costs 7s. 6d.

Those who have been to Alan Spiers's hairdressing salon are no doubt familiar with his Cream Shampoo. They, and many others, will be interested to know that this can now be bought for use at home. In an attractive "Magpie" tube, sufficient for eight washings, it is available for normal hair and for dry hair. There is also a pomade for extra hair lustre, and a lacquer for keeping the hair in place. These, together with a hand cream, are all in matching bottles for taking away.

Another piece of news which will, I think, be welcome is that Elizabeth Arden's popular "Blue Grass" perfume now goes to the head with a Blue Grass Hair Spray. This isn't a lacquer, but it controls the hair, and keeps it set, soft and pretty. It comes in a pressurized container, which needs only a gentle tap to release a fine light spray, scented with the "Blue Grass" that gives a delightful fragrance.

—Jean Cleland



ALAN SPIERS'S salon preparations, which can now be bought to take away, consist of a lacquer, cream shampoo, pomade and hand cream



Lenore

Miss Kirsty Gilmour, younger daughter of the late Mr. J. M. Gilmour and of Mrs. Gilmour, of Chapelton, Borgue, Kirkcudbrightshire, has announced her engagement to Mr. John Michael Wheeler, only son of Mr. C. R. Wheeler, C.B.E., and Mrs. Wheeler, of The Old Croft, Bellingdon, Chesham, Buckinghamshire

THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

Vandyk

Miss Antonia Farquhar, the only daughter of Mr. Guy Farquhar and Mrs. John Hanbury-Tracy, of Onslow Square, S.W.7, is to marry Mr. Antony Noel Gordon Leaf, younger son of Major J. G. Leaf and Mrs. J. G. Leaf, of Copse Hill, Osmaston, Ashbourne, Derbyshire



Fayer

Miss Martha Ludlow Sharp, daughter of the late Major H. C. Sharp and of Mrs. Sharp, of Ridgefield, Connecticut, U.S.A., is to marry Mr. Quentin Hugh Dodds-Crewe, son of Major H. Dodds-Crewe, of Dolphin Square, London, S.W.1, and of the late Lady Annabel Dodds-Crewe



Yevonde

Miss Eveline Jean Koelle, daughter of Rear-Admiral H. P. Koelle, of Penlee Gardens, Stoke, Devonport, and of the late Mrs. Koelle, is engaged to be married to Mr. Barry Michael Lane, The Somerset Light Infantry, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. B. T. A. Lane, of Higher Drive, Banstead, Surrey



Pearl Freeman

Miss Benita Roxane Mosselmans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mosselmans, of The Berystede, Ascot, Berkshire, who is engaged to Mr. John Richard Woodman Burbidge, son of Sir Richard Burbidge, Bt., of Hans Mansions, Hans Road, S.W.3, and Gladys, Lady Burbidge, of Ladbroke Grove, W.11

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*Once you discover **SILK FACE POWDER**
you'll never use any other powder*



Miss Patricia Yvette Bowdon, daughter of Mr. J. K. Bowdon, of Peter, and Mrs. D. Logan, of Ninian Road, Carlisle, is to marry Mr. Dominic Craven, son of the Rev. Hiram Craven, of Queen's Gate, W.7, and Mrs. W.7, and Deerleaps, Painswick, Glos



Miss Heather J. Weston, elder daughter of the late Major F. G. Weston, of Kenya and Northern Rhodesia, and Mrs. M. M. Weston, of Bridge Street, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey, is engaged to Major M. R. Hewitt, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Hewitt, of New Zealand and Camberley, Surrey



Miss Barbara Anne Fogg-Elliott, only child of the late Capt. M. Fogg-Elliott, D.S.O., R.N., and of Mrs. Fogg-Elliott, of Firl Cottage, Loose, Maidstone, Kent, is to marry Mr. Nigel Desmond Norman, second son of the late Air/Commodore Sir Nigel Norman, Bt., and Lady Perkins, of Rockwoods Farm, On-the-Holy Brock, Oakridge, Glos



Clifford C. Turnbull
Eden—Nairn. Capt. Edward Eden, youngest son of the late Capt. C. B. Eden, and of Mrs. E. A. Eden, of Langley Crescent, St. Albans, Herts, married Miss Valerie Nairn, daughter of the late Cdr. W. M. Nairn, and of Mrs. A. S. Nairn, of St. Stephen's Close, St. Albans, at the Presbyterian Church of England, St. Albans



Victor York
Pelham Burn—Carrington-Sykes. The wedding took place recently of Capt. Colin L. St. H. Pelham Burn, Coldstream Guards, son of the late Capt. H. Pelham Burn, and of Mrs. Dennis Wheatley, of Grove Place, Lymington, Hants, and Miss Pamela Carrington-Sykes, daughter of Col. and Mrs. M. Carrington-Sykes, of Stourpaine Manor, Blandford, Dorset, at Blandford Parish Church



Gibbons—Fielden. The marriage took place at St. Mark's Church, Salisbury, of Lt.-Cdr. Peter Gibbons, Royal Navy, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Gibbons, of Westhill, Downton Road, Salisbury, Wilts, and Miss Jane Fielden, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Fielden, of St. Mark's Avenue, Salisbury



THEY WERE MARRIED



[Continued on page 89]



Blaikie—Anderson. At St. Columba's, Pont Street, Mr. Douglas Davidson Blaikie, son of Mrs. D. Blaikie, of The Avenue, Hornchurch, Essex, married Miss Kirsten Anderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sven Anderson, of Rungsted, Denmark



Whitaker—North. Dr. Bernard L. Whitaker, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Whitaker, of Woking, Surrey, married Dr. Jean M. North, daughter of Mrs. S. North, of Glen Avenue, Herne Bay, and the late Mr. H. C. North, at Corpus Christi Church, Maiden Lane



Reed—Bristow. Mr. Barry St. George A. Reed, M.C., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Reed, of Wendacre, Burtons Way, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks, married Miss Edna Patricia Bristow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Bristow, of Chesham, Bucks, at St. Mary's, Chesham

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Motoring

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HIGH-POLISH HAWK

THE new Hawk which was announced the other day by the Rootes Group is really an alternative to the ordinary Hawk Saloon, but it has a number of additional features. These are mostly concerned with the appearance of the car, although they include the fitting of a windscreen washer which confers practical advantages when driving in bad weather on bad roads. The engine is the four-cylinder, o.h.v., 2,267 c.c. unit.

The company has named this variant on the Hawk the "Humber Hawk De Luxe Saloon," and its basic price is £730. The purchase tax is £366 7s. On the Saloon the cost of dual colour schemes has been reduced to £7 10s. inclusive of purchase tax. The ordinary Saloon continues at a total cost, with tax, of £1,073 17s.

Both these models have leather upholstery and give plenty of room for six people. The front seat is not only slidable, fore and aft, but also adjustable for height and rake, a matter of importance to women drivers. The doors have press-button handles.

EVER since I wrote here about the means available for taking the car abroad, information has been coming in telling me of facilities which I failed to mention. Nobody regrets more than I do being unable to supply in a few columns matter which would take most of the Oxford Dictionary. But I get a little hurt when I am accused of omissions of which I was not guilty. For instance, I did mention the famous *Michelin Guide*. The new edition is out and it maintains its reputation as the best Continental touring guide of all. But it enjoys an advantage over British guides in that French restaurants and hotels are never coy about their prices, as are so many British hotels and restaurants.

Inexperienced travellers sometimes express anxiety about being "overcharged" in France. If they use their eyes this is impossible. The price of every item on the menu is set out and the only question is whether service is "compris" or not. If not, the calculation of adding fifteen or, if you are generous, twenty per cent must be made. Personally I think that it is time the typical British menu without prices should be abolished. The only reason for not putting the prices in would be that they might give the prospective customer heart failure before he started his meal.

Another useful guide is the new Royal Automobile Club's *Continental Handbook*. This has been revised and is more than



LIEUT.-GEN. SIR JOHN B. GLUBB, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., with the new Vauxhall Velox that had just been delivered to him at his Surrey home



MR. W. G. ROOTES, Deputy Chairman of Humber Ltd., and Mrs. Rootes, arriving at the site of the new Coventry cathedral for the laying of the foundation stone by the Queen on her recent visit to the city

twice the size of the last edition. It lists some four thousand hotels. The plans showing the layouts of the chief European cities have been brought up to date.

Let me add one piece of advice not found in these books: it is this: if you propose to motor extensively in Paris and its immediate environs, you must buy the latest large-scale map—on sale at most Paris bookshops—showing the one-way street systems. Without this map the problem of finding a theatre or a restaurant is made unnecessarily difficult and worrying.



SOMETIMES I wish there were snow and ice all the year round. Fine, warm weather completely changes the appearance and the atmosphere of the roads. On the way to Manchester on a fine warm day recently I found

myself in one of those untidy, fluctuating, stop-starting traffic streams which tend to fray the nerves.

There were the lorries which tried to overtake other lorries when the margin of speed between them was about five miles an hour. They travelled alongside one another, blocking all view ahead, for miles. Then there were the drivers who persisted in driving in echelon, spreading their cars across the road, yet not overtaking. And when the stream did at last get moving there were the bleats of those behind who wished to cruise a little faster than the rest of us and were prepared to disorganize the flow so as to satisfy their personal caprice.

Cruising speed is largely a matter of whim. If you come up behind a car cruising at sixty miles an hour on a road with heavy traffic, whereas you have previously been cruising at between sixty-five and seventy miles an hour, it is better for you and for everybody else if you accept the conditions, reduce your cruising speed to sixty and avoid overtaking.

In short, my advice to those about to overtake is what it has always been: Don't. Adjust your speed to the traffic flow. Ten miles an hour this way or the other will make little difference in the time taken for a journey, but a great deal of difference in the comfort and convenience of other road users.

AND may I, at the risk of boring my readers, repeat my other driving maxims? The first is concerned with overtaking and goes: "Never be the washing in the mangle. If there is the slightest chance of a vehicle which is coming towards you squeezing you between it and the vehicle you are overtaking, stay behind. The other maxim is: "The only way to deal with a driving emergency is never to have one."

Do not believe the stories about the wonderfully quick reactions which have saved brilliant drivers in an emergency. They are untrue. In an emergency human beings react according to previous training and practice; not according to a reasoned course of action. So the objective must always be to avoid being involved in an emergency.



Hoyer Millar—Aldington. Mr. Gurth C. Hoyer Millar, son of the late Mr. E. G. Hoyer Millar and Mrs. Hoyer Millar, of Nevern Square, S.W.5, married Miss Jane Aldington, second daughter of Col. and Mrs. H. J. Aldington, of Swanwood, Highmoor, Oxon, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

[Continuing from page 86]

THEY WERE MARRIED



Peterken—Littleton. Mr. Patrick Peterken, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Peterken, of Woodford Green, Essex, married Miss Hyacinthe-Ann Littleton, only daughter of the Hon. Thomas and Mrs. Littleton, of Holmes Chapel, Cheshire, at St. Michael and All Angels, Penkridge, near Stafford



Lewis-Barclay—Brooke-Taylor. Capt. C. L. Lewis-Barclay, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Lewis-Barclay, of Oakleigh Park, N.20, married Miss Shirley Brooke-Taylor, daughter of the late Col. E. Brooke-Taylor, C.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Brooke-Taylor, of Buxton, at Chelsea Old Church

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DINING OUT

First time lucky

To the Westbury Hotel in Bond Street for the first time. One heard much idle chatter and many rumours while it was being built and endless talk and criticism since it has been opened; a lot of it by people who have never been there.

The rooms were much too small: the dining room was too small: the bar was too small; and the prices were appalling; a single room would cost you a fiver for the night and if you wanted tea, toast and marmalade sent up for breakfast, it would cost you another nine shillings. As for the bill, when you had wine and dined in the restaurant it would be phenomenal. So I thought I would test the truth of these criticisms.

On booking a single room for the night by telephone I was informed that the cost would be £2 15s. Admittedly, it was one of the smallest rooms in the hotel, but it had every possible convenience, excellent private bathroom, etc., and plenty of room to move around. Tea, toast and marmalade for breakfast was 5s.; if I had wanted bacon and eggs it would have been 7s. 6d. So, fair enough, if you think it is too expensive you don't have to go there. There are many hotels which are cheaper, but they are not in Bond Street, and there are also many hotels in the West End which charge a great deal more.

ALTHOUGH the restaurant is undoubtedly a small one, they have the good sense not to crowd the tables. Lunch for two the next day included such things as *Cream Vichyssoise*, river trout, roast duck, sweets and cheese, a bottle of 1952 Pouilly Fuisse, Cognac, Liqueur and Coffee, and the bill came to about £4. So what's all the fuss about?

The hotel is directed by Antoine Dirsztay, who was born in Vienna and switched from banking and insurance to the restaurant world, in which he was Swiss-trained. He was at the Dorchester from 1941-6 and has been manager at the Society in Jermyn Street, the De Vere Hotel in Kensington, and now finds himself in Bond Street.

The *maitre chef* is Marius S. Dutrey, who has a long history of success, having been at such famous Continental hotels as the Crillon, Plaza Athénée and the Ritz in Paris, and was also six years *maitre chef* at the Savoy. In 1939 he was made a Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur.

The restaurant manager is Gavardi, a veteran restaurateur, with over forty years' experience at the Savoy and Claridge's, and the Majestic at Cannes, etc. Jimmy Hoey, the head barman, knows all about the mixing of drinks for any nationality as he was twelve years at the U.S. Embassy.

IF one is lucky enough to be sitting at a table in a comfortable office with the advertising manager of one of the largest motor car manufacturers in the country, the managing director of a big distillery, the wine buyer to a chain of over 400 hotels, a wine merchant of great repute, and the director of a firm of well-known wine shippers, with Guy Prince of Lebègue at the head of the table as host, the chances are that one is in for an extremely excellent and interesting lunch.

We had a 1947 Hospices de Beaune, Meursault, Cuvée Loppin, bottled in France, of outstanding quality with the boiled turbot and Hollandaise sauce; 1949 Musigny, Comte Georges de Vogüé, bottled at the estate, in magnums, and decanted into magnificent Bacarrat double magnum decanters with the saddle of lamb. This was followed by Blue Cheshire and Wensleydale, with which we drank one against the other 1943 Romanée-Conti and 1942 Romanée-Conti, both bottled at the Domain, and much argument ensued, the consensus of opinion being that the '43 had more bouquet but that the '42 was likely to last the longer. We finished with Creme Caramel and a 1945 château bottled Yquem, and coffee with Cognac Grande Champagne vintage 1904.

And to think I used to feel sorry for these poor wine merchants, so busy and so hemmed-in in the City that they could not afford time to travel west for lunch!

—I. Bickerstaff



PETER G. HERBERT of the Gore Hotel, Kensington, has been in the business all his life except for a break in the Army and a year as a music student. He is particularly interested in wine, and claims to have the longest wine list in the world, with over nine hundred bins in his cellars

DINING IN

Something to talk about

IF you were asked what is the best value in meat today, I wonder what your reply would be? Mine is: Tongue—all tongues.

Ox tongue, for instance, with the root left on, costs 2s. 9d. a pound and, with the root removed, 3s. a pound. When you consider that a seven-pound tongue weighs round about four pounds when trimmed, there seems no point in buying one at the lower price. Very good-sized calves' tongues are 2s. 6d. and lambs' tongues 2s. 4d. a pound.

Tongue, without doubt, is one of the best meat "buys" these days, because there is very little waste. Ox tongue, plainly boiled and pressed, is one of the glories of the English cold table.

If you like to braise a fresh tongue, by all means cook it that way, but I think that a tongue which has been in brine for even two or three days is better. The meat, when cooked, has that appetizing pinky tone and delicious flavour which similar pickling gives to a piece of streaky pork.

START, then, with the soaking period, which may be only a couple of hours. Then place the tongue in a pot and cover it with cold water. Add a bay leaf, a handful of parsley with stalks, a good sprig of thyme and freshly crushed black peppercorns to taste. On top, place two thicknesses of grease-proof paper to keep the air from the tongue. Cover, bring slowly to the boil, then barely simmer for up to three hours. With a thin smooth metal skewer, test the thickest part to see if it is cooked. It may require a little longer, because tongue meat is very close.

When you are satisfied that it is cooked, remove it, plunge it in cold water, then peel off the skin. Press the tongue into a special tongue mould, or cake tin or soufflé dish, which should be a very tight fit for it. A tongue, being shaped as it is, is not a very convenient or easy piece of meat to mould, so the easiest way to deal with it is to cut off some of the thick end and fit it, jigsaw-wise, into the thin end.

The stock may require a little salt, but it will need gelatine. Allow 1 oz. best quality powdered gelatine to $\frac{3}{4}$ pint strained stock. Sprinkle it over the stock, leave it to swell, then heat through, without boiling, to dissolve the gelatine. Pour this over the tongue to overflowing, put a weighted plate on top and leave in a cold place to set.

MOST of the tongue may be consumed at one sitting if there are enough people around the table, but with a whole ox tongue there should be plenty left over for delicious luncheon or supper dishes. A meat salad, using strips of the tongue, is one.

All of us have our own ideas about meat salads. I like to begin with large-grained rice, barely cooked, washed in cold water and left to drain very well. This is tossed in oil and vinegar (3 to 4 parts to 1 part), well seasoned with salt, freshly-milled pepper, a little mustard and a dash or two of Worcestershire sauce. To this I add the sliced cooked meat, stoned green and black olives and a not-too-finely-chopped green sweet pepper. I garnish the salad with small sweet gherkins, cut almost through in slices and opened out fanwise, radishes and quartered hardboiled eggs. I pass mayonnaise separately with this salad, because so many people like it, but some do not.

Stuff pancakes with those little bits which cannot be used on their own merits. Add the chopped tongue to a very creamy Bechamel sauce and season to taste. Spread wafer-thin pancakes with the mixture, roll them up and place them, side by side, in a shallow entrée dish. Coat them with further Bechamel sauce, laced with grated dry Cheddar, Gruyère or Parmesan cheese (or a mixture of them, if you like) and a speck or two of Cayenne pepper. Place under the grill and glaze to a warm gold.

—Helen Burke



EL CÍD

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POULET AU CHAMPAGNE

Bourrer un bon poulet avec des petits champignons blancs, préparer un petit mirpoix et un bouquet garni, le tout en casserole arrosé de beurre fondu. pincer vivement et mettre à poêler.

Dix minutes avant la cuisson complète du poulet, verser sur le poulet une demi-bouteille de champagne, remettre au four et laisser réduire presque de moitié. Dresser le poulet, passer le jus soigneusement, lier légèrement, incorporer trois ou quatre cuillerées de crème fraîche, et mettre à point.

Napper le poulet dressé et servir de suite avec des pointes d'asperges et pommes mouselines selon goût.

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par le chef de cuisine du*

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Gin and Tonic. Serve in a fairly large glass so that people can add as much Tonic Water as they like. Add a thin slice of lemon.

Gin and Orange. For a short-and-sweet, have equal quantities of Gordon's and Orange Squash. Reduce the orange for a semi-sweet. For a long drink, add soda water. P.S. Busy barmen appreciate clear orders, e.g.: "Gordon's with a dash of orange, please."

Ask for it by name



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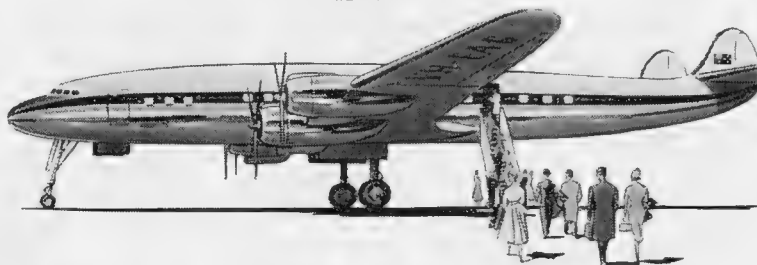
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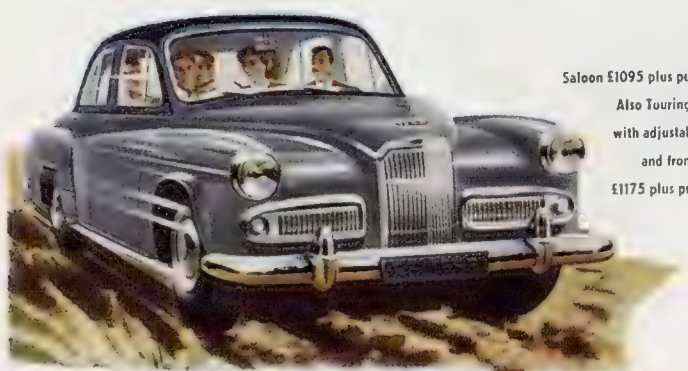
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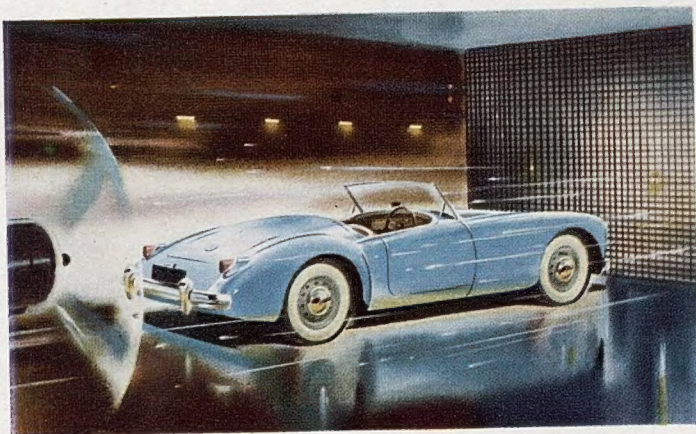
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